

ASPEN VISIONS



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Blake NORTHCOTT
Donnay TRAN
JL RIO
Jaymes REED

COVER A

EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT Iris #1

THE MIDST OF CHAOS



**Aspen Comics' Most
Mind-Bending Concept
EVER— Aspen Visions!**

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NO
13

EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT Iris™

"THE MIDST OF CHAOS"

The story so far...

They are raised from their youth with strict obedience and brutally trained to protect and serve their respective masters with discipline, loyalty and often times violence, if necessary. They are the Executive Assistants.



BLAKE NORTHCOTT
- STORY -

DONNY TRAN
- PENCILS AND DIGITAL INKS -

JL RIO
& OMI REMALANTE JR. (pg. 17-20)
- COLORS -

JAYMES REED
- LETTERS -

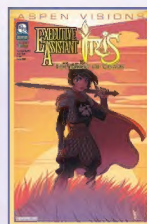
VINCE HERNANDEZ, GABE CARRASCO
- EDITORS -

MARK ROSLAN
- DESIGN -

COMICRAFT | BLAMBOT | ROBIN SPEHAR
- FONTS -



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BY -DONNY TRAN
& JL RIO



DIRECT EDITION
BY -MICAH GUNNELL



RETAILER INCENTIVE EDITION
BY -CRIS DELARA



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*Executive Assistant: Iris created by:
David Wohl, Brad Foxhoven & Michael Turner*

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NORTHERN WEI
DYNASTY, 427 CE

I
N THE MIDST OF CHAOS
THERE IS ALSO OPPORTUNITY.

MY SENSEI READ
THAT PASSAGE TO
ME AS A CHILD.

"BUT WHAT IF
THERE IS NO
CHAOS?" I ASKED.

HE CRACKED A
MISCHIEVOUS SMILE AND
SAID, "IRIS, THE ANSWER
IS SIMPLE..."



"...CREATE
SOME CHAOS
OF YOUR OWN."



CREATING CHAOS
IS SIMPLE. LIGHTING
A FIRE, BURNING A
FOREST-- IT TAKES NO
SKILL, NO DISCIPLINE.



IT'S GENERAL IRIS!
SHE'S HERE, IN THE
CAMP! QUICK,
GET YOUR--

BUT MAYHEM
COMES AT A PRICE.



STARTING THE FIRE
IS THE EASY PART
OF THE EQUATION.



NGGH!

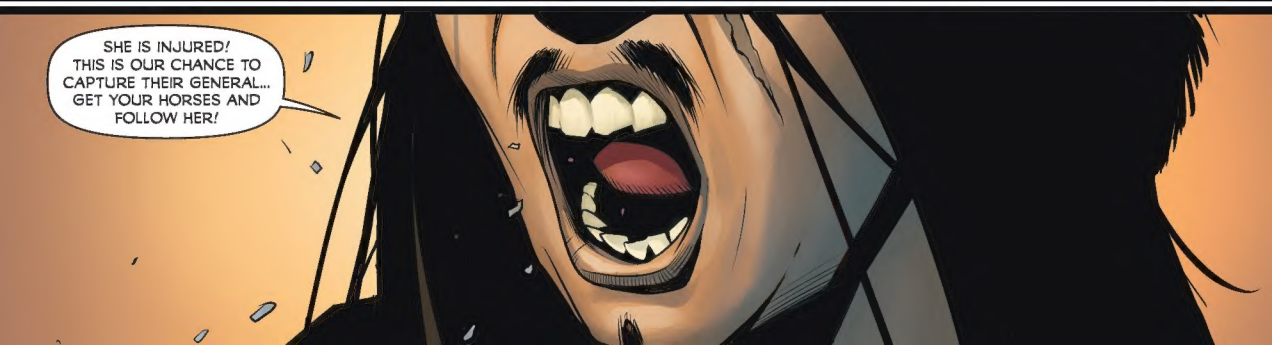


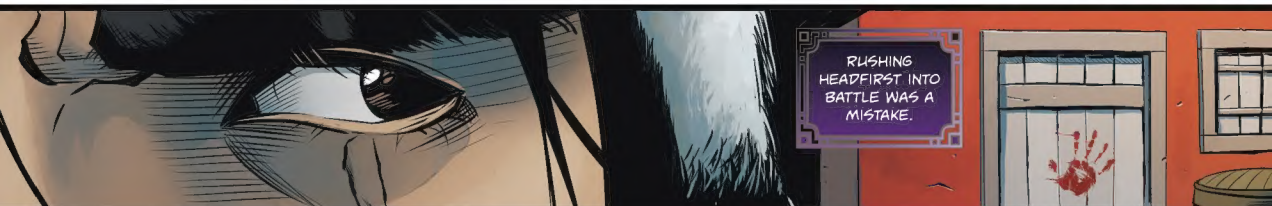
ESCAPING THE FOREST
BEFORE YOU BURN ALONG
WITH IT IS A MUCH MORE
DIFFICULT TASK.

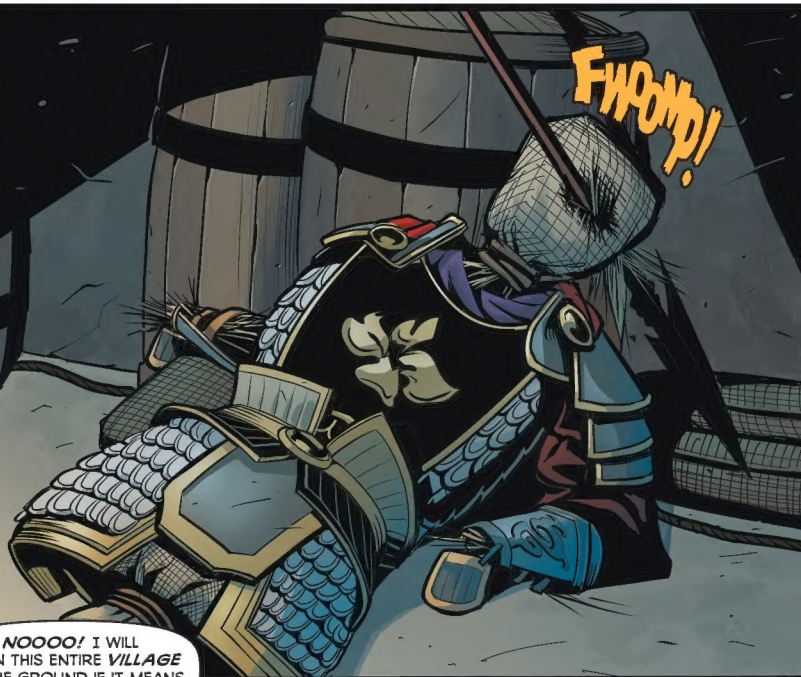


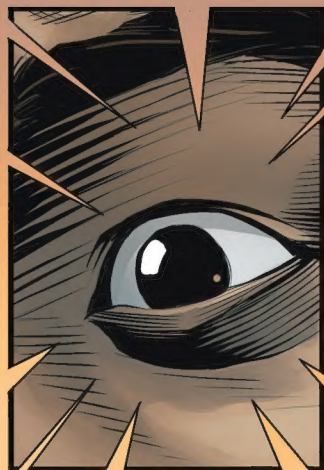
HI-YAAH!

SHE IS INJURED!
THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO
CAPTURE THEIR GENERAL...
GET YOUR HORSES AND
FOLLOW HER!









THEY SHOULD
HAVE KNOWN
BETTER.



ANOTHER
DAY. ANOTHER
FOOLISH PLAN.

WHO IS THE FOOL:
THE ONE WITH THE
FOOLISH PLAN, OR
THE FOOLS WHO
FALL PREY TO IT?



WHY DO YOU
ALWAYS ANSWER
A **QUESTION** WITH
ANOTHER QUESTION,
GENERAL IRIS?

YOU
ANSWERED
YOUR OWN
QUESTION,
SHAN-YU.

WHEN YOU ARE
THE GENERAL, YOU
HAVE THE LUXURY OF
GIVING ANY ANSWER
YOU PLEASE.



GREETINGS,
GENERAL IRIS.
THE USUAL?

MORE OR LESS.
I HAVE ONLY A FEW
BUMPS AND BRUISES...
NOTHING OF
CONCERN.



THAT LOOKS LIKE
QUITE A BIT **MORE**
THAN A SIMPLE
BRUISE, GENERAL.

I HAVE SOME
OINTMENT THAT WILL
HELP. IF YOU REMAIN
STILL, I CAN REMOVE THE
ARROW WITH MINIMAL
DAMAGE TO YOUR--



ANOTHER PLAN GONE
AWRY, I ASSUME? THE MORE
RECKLESS YOU BECOME, THE
MORE FREQUENT OUR VISITS
ARE BECOMING, GENERAL.

I WAS ONCE TOLD
THAT WHEN YOU START TO
MEET WITH RESISTANCE, IT IS
A SIGN YOU ARE ON THE
CORRECT PATH.

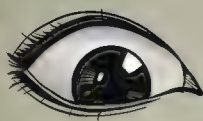


THAT SOUNDS LIKE
SAGE ADVICE. BUT THERE
IS SOMETHING TO BE SAID
FOR **ACCEPTING** YOUR
DESTINY... FOR STAYING
THE COURSE.



YOU HAVE KEPT
THE DYNASTY
SAFE WITH PLANS
AND STRUCTURE.
ONE WRONG
MOVE COULD--

WHAT WAS...
WHERE WAS
THAT?!



WHAT IS IT, GENERAL?
DID I APPLY TOO MUCH
PRESSURE? IS IT YOUR
SHOULDER... PERHAPS YOU
ARE GOING INTO SHOCK
FROM BLOOD LOSS.

NO, FEI HONG, YOU
DID NOTHING WRONG.
AND MY SHOULDER IS
FINE. IT IS JUST THAT...

THANK YOU. I AM
FEELING MUCH BETTER. I...
I NEED TO PREPARE FOR
THE MORNING BATTLE.

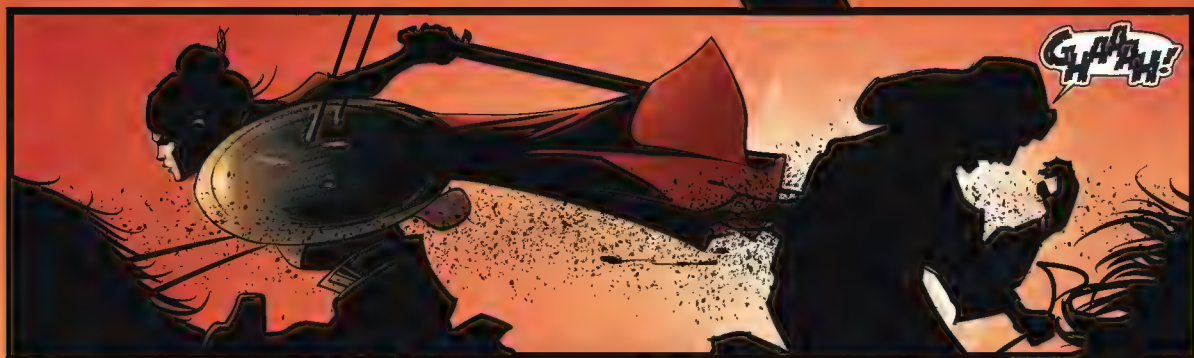
THE NORTHERN
WEI DYNASTY'S
SOUTHERN
BORDER.

NESTOR AND HIS ARMY OF HUNS
ARE ALWAYS PREPARED. THEY
ALWAYS THIRST FOR BLOOD, AND
THEIR NUMBERS ARE ALWAYS
GREATER THAN OURS.

IT HAS BEEN THIS
WAY FOR LONGER THAN I
CAN REMEMBER.

I HAVE NO DOUBT
THAT TODAY WILL
BE THE SAME.





GAAH!

DAY AFTER DAY, MONTH
AFTER MONTH, YEAR AFTER
YEAR, THE HLING ATTACK,
THE RAIDS ARE CEASELESS,
LIKE WAVES ENDLESSLY
CRASHING A BEACH

THEY
CHALLENGE, WE
DEFEND

KLANG!

KLANG!

THEY SPILL OUR
BLOOD, WE SPILL
THEIRS IN KIND

THEY COME FROM BLACKWATER HALL, A
CASTLE THAT HAS NEVER BEEN BREACHED. THE
STRONGHOLD SITS ON AN ISLAND, BEYOND AN
IMPENETRABLE SWATHE OF LAND AS FIERCE AS
THE WARRIORS WHO DEFEND IT.

NESTOR, WITH HIS HEART
OF ETERNITY, IS ALWAYS
AT THEIR COMMAND

ARRRRRR!

IT'S TIME TO
FINISH THIS. CALL
THEM IN.

AND WHERE NESTOR APPEARS, HIS WINGED NIGHTMARES ARE NEVER FAR BEHIND.



THE HEART GIVES NESTOR POWER OVER THE CREATURES, OR SO THE STORIES GO.

NO ONE HAS GOTTEN CLOSE ENOUGH TO RIP THE GEM FROM HIS GRASP. A WALL OF HUMANS AND MONSTERS ALWAYS SEPARATE US.



TAKE IT DOWN!

THE ODDS ALWAYS SEEM INSURMOUNTABLE.



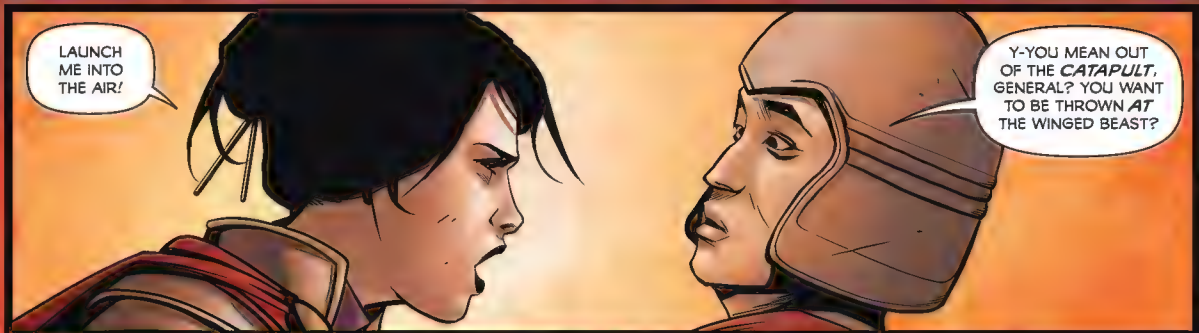
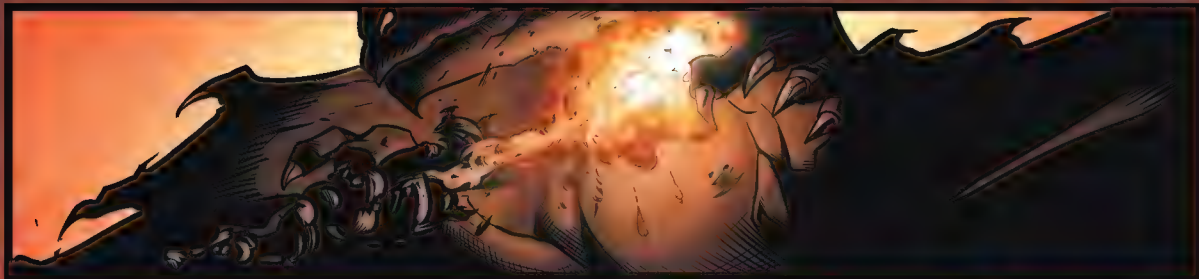
Krk

Krk

Krk

THE WINGED CREATURES ARE IMPERVIOUS TO FIRE, TO SPEARS, TO ARROWS.





LAUNCH
ME INTO
THE AIR!

Y-YOU MEAN OUT
OF THE *CATAPULT*.
GENERAL? YOU WANT
TO BE THROWN *AT*
THE WINGED BEAST?



WAIT... JUST
A MOMENT...



NOTHING IS
IMMUNE. NO ONE
IS IMMORTAL. IF THIS
CREATURE CAN
BREATHE FIRE...



I CAN STOP
IT FROM **BREATHING**
ALTOGETHER.

KRRRAWWW!



KRRRAWWW!



THE CREATURE IS DEAD. THE
HUNS HAVE BEEN BATTERED.
AND VICTORY ONCE AGAIN
GOES TO THE DYNASTY.

MY PEOPLE REMAIN
SAFE. OUR LAND
REMAINS SOVEREIGN.

SO WHY DO I
FEEL SO HOLLOW?

WHY DO I FEEL
SOMETHING IS *MISSING*?



NO MATTER. WE
SHALL RETURN TOMORROW
WITH FRESH HORRORS.

RETREAT!
BACK TO THE
CAMP!



ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER FOOLISH PLAN.

WHO IS THE FOOL: THE ONE WITH THE FOOLISH PLAN, OR...



SHAN-YU, TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED YESTERDAY.

WE BATTLED THE HUNS, OF COURSE. YOU BRAVELY FOUGHT THEM OFF, AND NESTOR NARROWLY ESCAPED WITH THE HEART OF ETERNITY.



AND THE DAY BEFORE THAT? AND THE YEAR BEFORE?

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, GENERAL. THIS IS OUR *FATE*, AND WE MUST ACCEPT IT: TO PROTECT THE DYNASTY FROM THE HUNS. IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN THIS WAY, AND ALWAYS WILL BE.



THIS IS NOT FATE: THIS IS *REPETITION*. WE FIGHT, WE WIN, AND ON AND ON IT GOES.

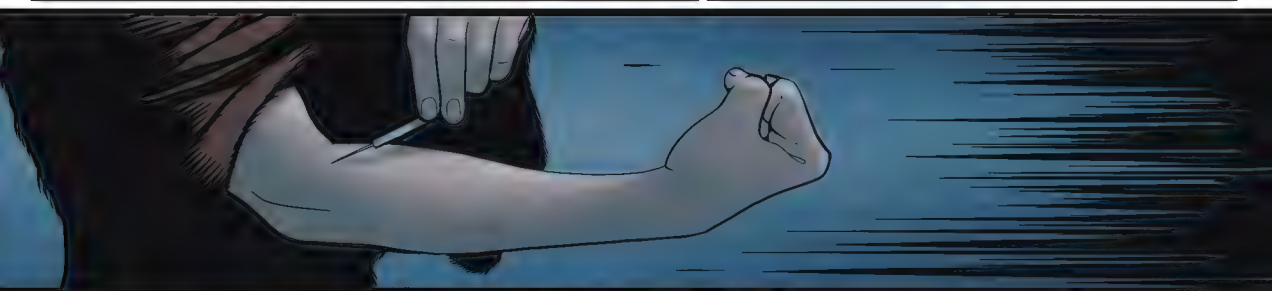
WE NEVER CAPTURE NESTOR, AND WE NEVER FINISH THE HUNS ONCE AND FOR ALL.

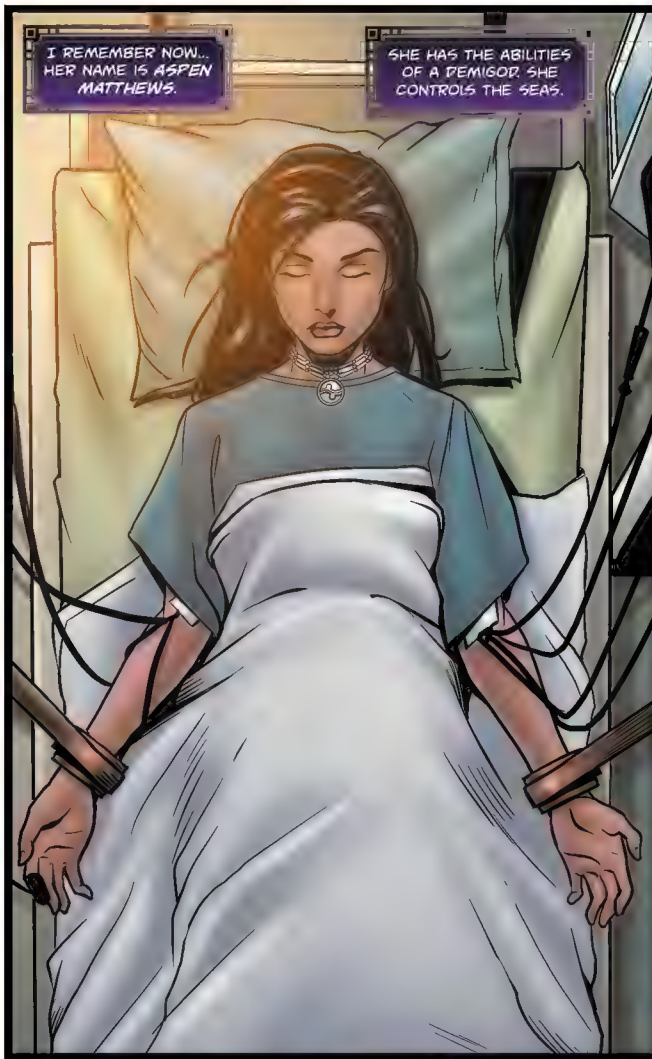
NESTOR HAS THE HEART OF ETERNITY, HE COMMANDS AN ENDLESS ARMY, HE FILLS OUR SKIES WITH WINGED CREATURES, AND HE FLEES TO HIS FORTRESS AFTER EACH BATTLE.

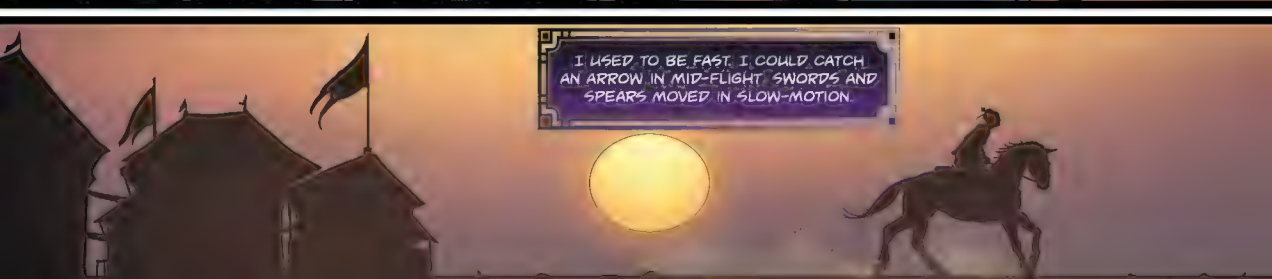
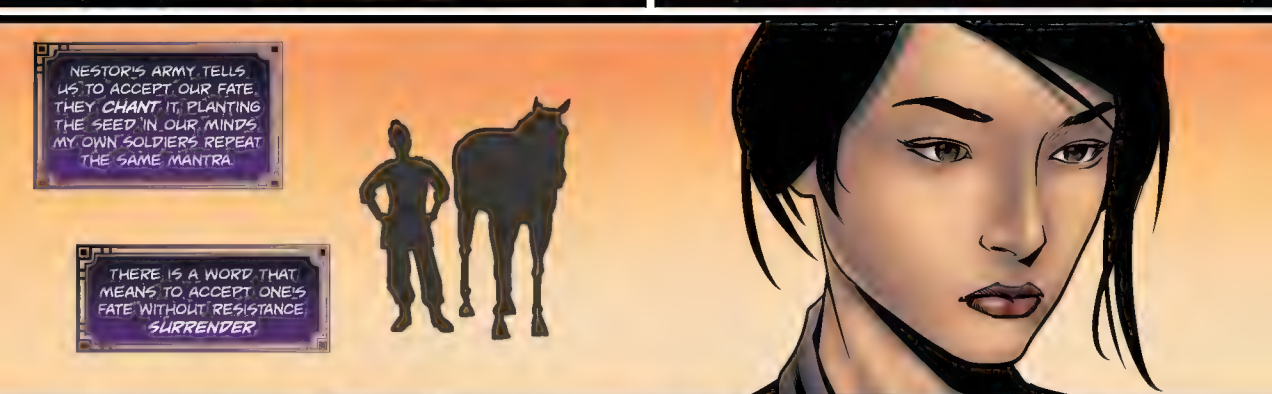
HOW *CAN* WE CHANGE ANYTHING?

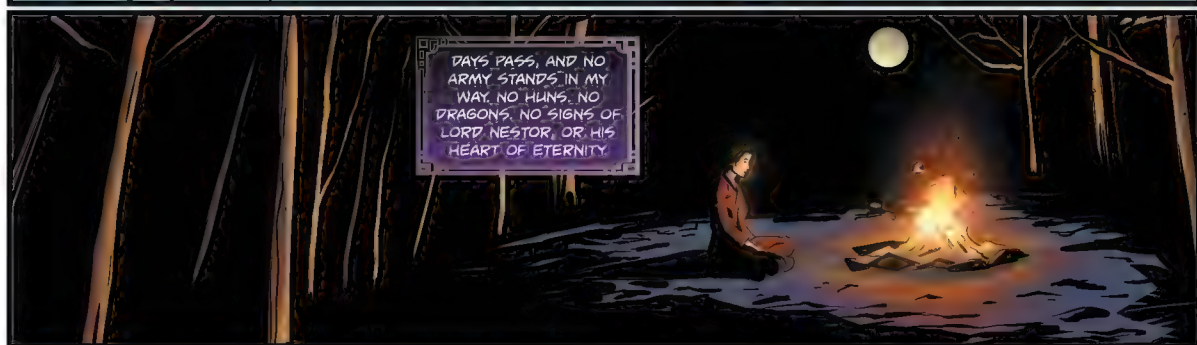
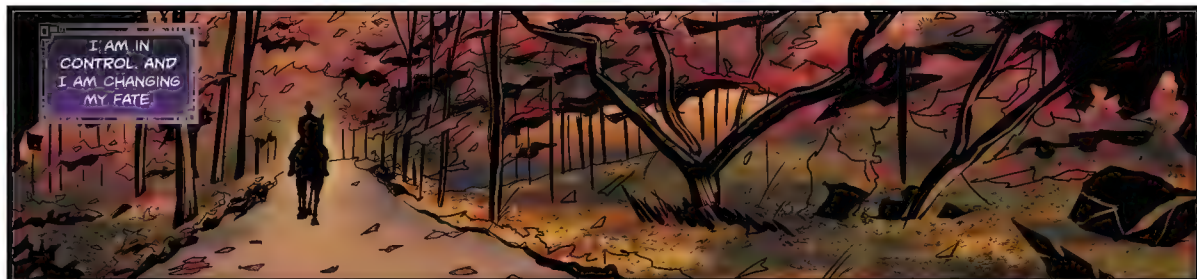


WE *DECIDE*.











I DO NOT KNOW IF ASPEN MATTHEWS IS BEING HELD IN BLACKWATER HALL, BUT SOMETHING TELLS ME I MUST FIND HER.

NO... THIS CANNOT BE. THE WORLD HAS BEEN ERASED. OR PERHAPS THIS IS WHERE IT BEGINS?



I AM BEING HELD CAPTIVE, SHACKLED BY INVISIBLE CHAINS. LOCKED IN A FALSE REALITY. BUT THESE MAGICS ARE UNSTABLE, TEARING APART AT THE SEAMS.



I CANNOT IMAGINE WHERE THIS EMPTINESS LEADS, BUT SOMETHING --OR SOMEONE-- HAS BEEN HIDING IT FROM ME. WHICH MEANS THEY ARE AFRAID OF WHAT I MIGHT DISCOVER.



AND THAT IS WHY THIS MUST BE THE CORRECT PATH TO TAKE.

TO BE CONTINUED:
ASPEN VISIONS
FATHOM
SPINNING OUR FATE

ASPEN VISIONS



Blake NORTHCOTT
Michael STA. MARIA
Omi REMALANTE JR.
ZEN

COVER A

MICHAEL TURNER'S FATHOM #1

SPINNING OUR FATE



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MICHAEL TURNER'S FATHOM™

"SPINNING OUR FATE"

The story so far...

In 1998, creator and legendary artist Michael Turner introduced us to his breathtaking universe of Fathom and the Blue—those who dwelled beneath the surface, hidden away under the guise of secrecy.



BLAKE NORTHCOTT
- STORY -

MICHAEL STA. MARIA
- PENCILS AND INKS -

OMI REMALANTE JR.
- COLORS -

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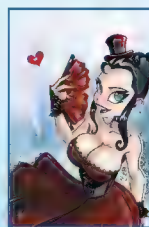
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Fathom created by: Michael Turner

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I HAVE NEVER FACED
A CHALLENGE SO
FRAUGHT WITH PERIL.

THIS IS AN UNTHINKABLE,
UNSPEAKABLE CHOICE.
NO, AN IMPOSSIBLE ONE.

THIS IS LIFE OR DEATH, AND
THE BURDEN FALLS ON MY
SHOULDERS TO DECIDE THEIR
FATES. I AM TORN BETWEEN
TWO POSSIBLE FUTURES, YET
I KNOW I CAN ONLY VENTURE
DOWN A SINGLE PATH.



LADY MATTHEWS,
HAVE YOU MADE YOUR
DECISION? THE BALL
IS **TONIGHT**, AND WHILE
YOU WAFFLE ABOUT IN
THE MARKETS WE ARE
WASTING VALUABLE
MINUTES!

DO NOT **RUSH**
ME, **HARRIETT**! IT HAS
BARELY BEEN AN HOUR,
AND THESE THINGS
TAKE TIME.



APOLOGIES,
MILADY, BUT IT IS
MY JOB TO PREPARE YOU
FOR COURT THIS EVENING.
TIME IS A LUXURY WE DO **NOT**
HAVE, AND BETWEEN YOUR
CONSTANT SHOPPING,
AND **SWIMMING**...

THIS IS YOUR
THIRD SEASON AT
COURT, AND-- PARDON
MY **BLUNTNESS**-- BUT
YOU ARE NO LONGER
THE **YOUNGEST** LADY
WHO WILL BE
ATTENDING.

WELL IF I
CAN'T RELY SOLELY
ON MY YOUTH THEN IT
IS EVEN **MORE** IMPORTANT
THAT I SELECT THE
PROPER ATTIRE,
IS IT NOT?



PRECISELY!
WE NEED **AT
LEAST** AN HOUR
FOR YOUR HAIR, AND
YOUR CORSET ISN'T
GOING TO LACE
ITSELF!

YOU'RE
NEVER GOING TO
ATTRACT A HUSBAND
LOOKING LIKE A
RAGGABRASH!



WELL IF A MAN IS INTERESTED *ONLY* IN MY OUTWARD APPEARANCE, THEN PERHAPS HE ISN'T THE IDEAL MATE. HAVE YOU EVER TAKEN THAT INTO CONSIDERATION?

NOBODY MOVE!
YOU THERE, BY THE REGISTER, EMPTY IT INTO A BAG OR I'LL PAINT THE WALLS OF YOUR STORE WITH THIS WAGTAIL'S BRAINS!

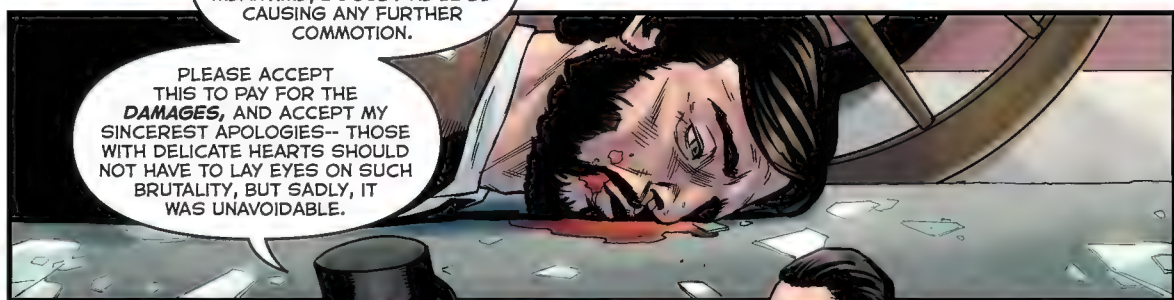
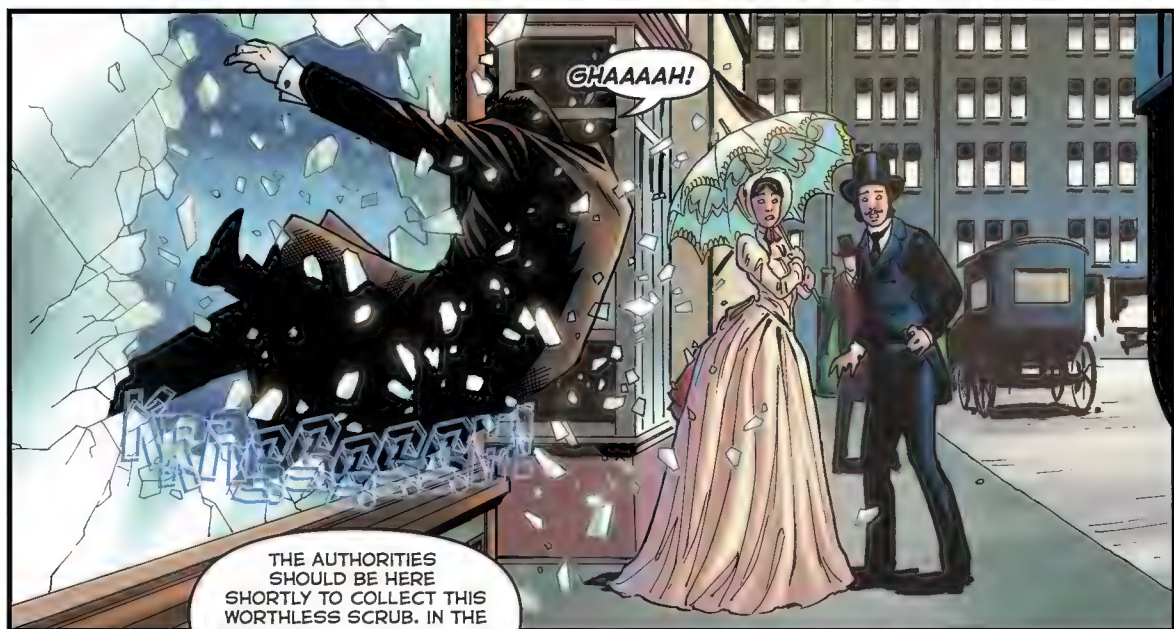
B-B-BUT WE *JUST* GOT THIS CASH MACHINE LAST WEEK...TH-THE SHOP OWNER IS NOT HERE, AND I *DON'T* KNOW HOW TO OPEN IT!

PLAYIN' GAMES, ARE YA? WELL I HAVE A GAME OF MY OWN: I'LL PULL THE TRIGGER, AND YOU GET A MOP TO CLEAN THE BLOOD OFF YER--



O! UNHAND ME!

POON!







WHAT ON EARTH WAS THAT **NONSENSE** ABOUT, HARRIETT? 'SHE'LL BE THERE'?

YOU *WERE* PLANNING TO ATTEND COURT TONIGHT ANYWAY. WHAT'S THE HARM IN SETTING UP A RENDEZVOUS WITH A BARON IN THE PROCESS?

I FOUND HIM CHARMING... AND HE SEEMED QUITE TAKEN WITH YOU.

I THINK YOU WERE MORE 'CHARMED' BY THE GEM AROUND HIS NECK. THERE'S MORE TO LIFE THAN MARRYING A MAN WITH MONEY, CAN'T YOU SEE THAT? WE COULD'VE **DIED** TODAY!

ALL THE MORE REASON TO MARRY **QUICKLY** AND START HAVING CHILDREN!

THIS LIFE FEELS INFINITE, BUT WE'RE **ALL** GOING TO DIE ONE DAY, ASPEN. MIGHT AS WELL PASS INTO THE AFTERLIFE WITH A STONE THE SIZE OF AN APPLE DANGLING FROM YOUR NECK.

'THE MOST BEAUTIFULLY DRESSED BARONESS IN THE GRAVEYARD'. THAT'S SOMETHING LOFTY TO ASPIRE TO.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL **DUCHESS**, IF ALL GOES WELL TONIGHT.

YOU'RE EXHAUSTING. AND I'M EXHAUSTED FROM ALL OF THIS...**NOTHINGNESS**. THERE HAS TO BE MORE OUT THERE-- THINGS IN LIFE THAT DON'T INVOLVE THE ARISTOCRACY.

THE STRESS OF THE DAY HAS NO DOUBT RENDERED YOU LIGHT-HEADED, MILADY...A FEW DOLLOPS OF COUGH SYRUP SHOULD SET YOU STRAIGHT.

DR. GRAHAM ASSURED ME THEY ADDED MORE **OPIUM**!

≡SIGH≡ PERHAPS LATER.

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THE HONORABLE VISCOUNT PEMBROOKE
OF MACHESTER'S SUMMER ESTATE.

YOU LOOK
ABSOLUTELY **RADIANT**,
MILADY! YOU'RE **SURE** TO
CATCH THE EYE OF THE DUKE
IN THIS DRESS...ALONG WITH
EVERY OTHER ELIGIBLE
BACHELOR AT COURT.

THIS IS YOUR
SEASON-- I
CAN FEEL IT!

I DON'T **FEEL**
LIKE MEETING
SUITORS, HARRIETT,
AND I'M IN NO MOOD FOR
CONVERSATION. AFTER WHAT
HAPPENED TODAY, THINGS
FEEL **DIFFERENT**,
SOMEHOW.

OH, PISH-POSH.
YOU JUST NEED A
FEW BEVERAGES
TO LOOSEN YOUR
TONGUE.

FIRST, LET ME
INTRODUCE YOU TO THE
HONORABLE **VISCOUNT**
PEMBROOKE, WHO WAS
GRACIOUS ENOUGH TO
HOST TONIGHT'S
FESTIVITIES.

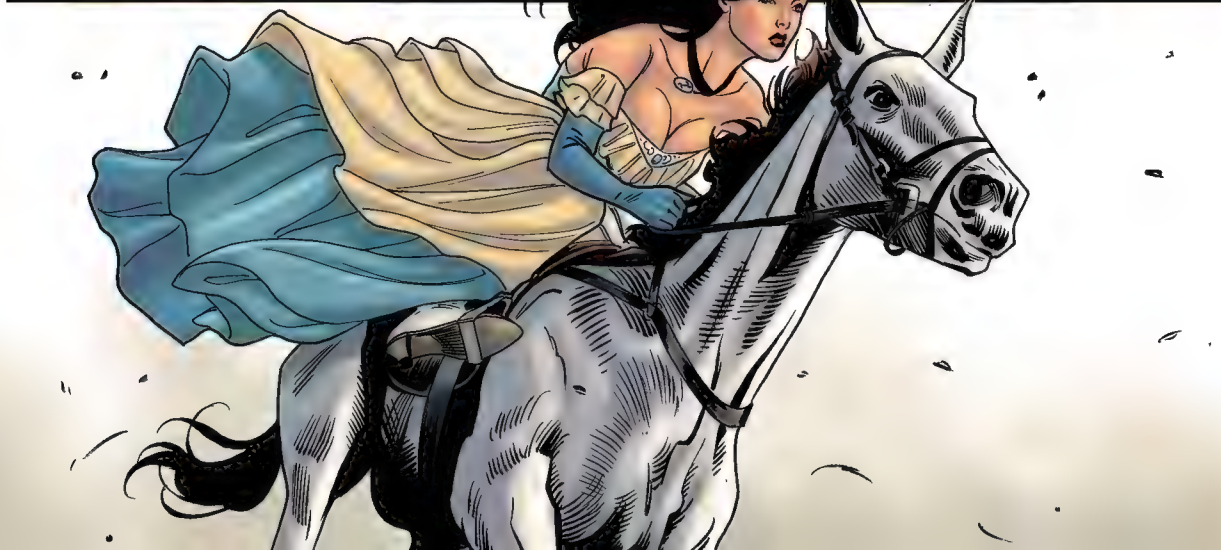
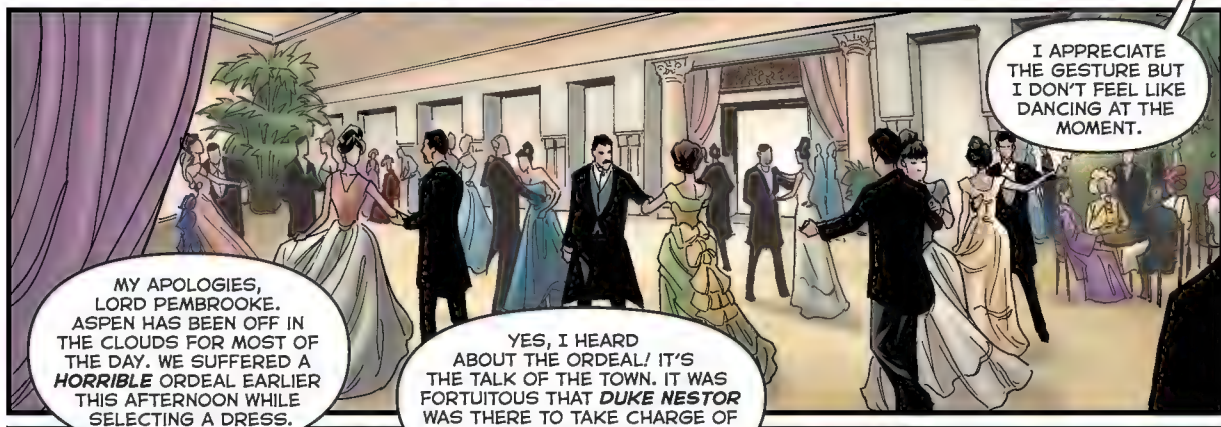
THIS IS
DUCHESS
ASPEN
MATTHEWS.

IT IS AN
HONOR AND A PLEASURE,
MILADY. PERHAPS I COULD
OFFER YOU A PRIVATE TOUR
OF THE GARDENS LATER THIS
EVENING? WE HAVE SOME
SPECTACULAR TOPIARY.

A TOUR OF
ORNAMENTAL SHRUBS
SOUND POSITIVELY
THRILLING, BUT...
IT'S JUST--

SHE'D BE
DELIGHTED! **SO**
DELIGHTED, IN FACT,
THAT SHE LACKS
THE LANGUAGE TO
ARTICULATE HER
OVER-ABUNDANCE
OF ENTHUSIASM.





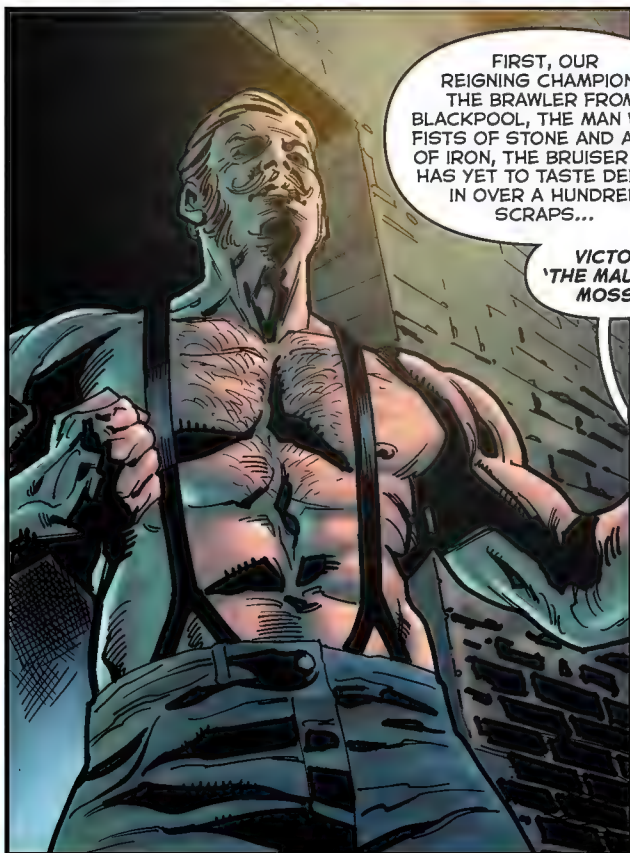


GOOD EVENING,
GENTLEMEN!

PLACE YOUR
WAGERS, BECAUSE
WE HAVE A **THRILLING**
MAIN EVENT TO CAP
OF AN EVENING OF
BLOODSHED AND
BATTERY.

I GUARANTEE
THIS IS ONE YOU
WILL **NOT** WANT
TO MISS...

MY EVENTS ALWAYS
OFFER THE MOST BRUTAL,
THE MOST PULSE-POUNDING,
THE MOST **SKULL-SHATTERING**
ENTERTAINMENT IN MANCHESTER,
BUT TONIGHT IS A MOST
SPECIAL OCCASION.

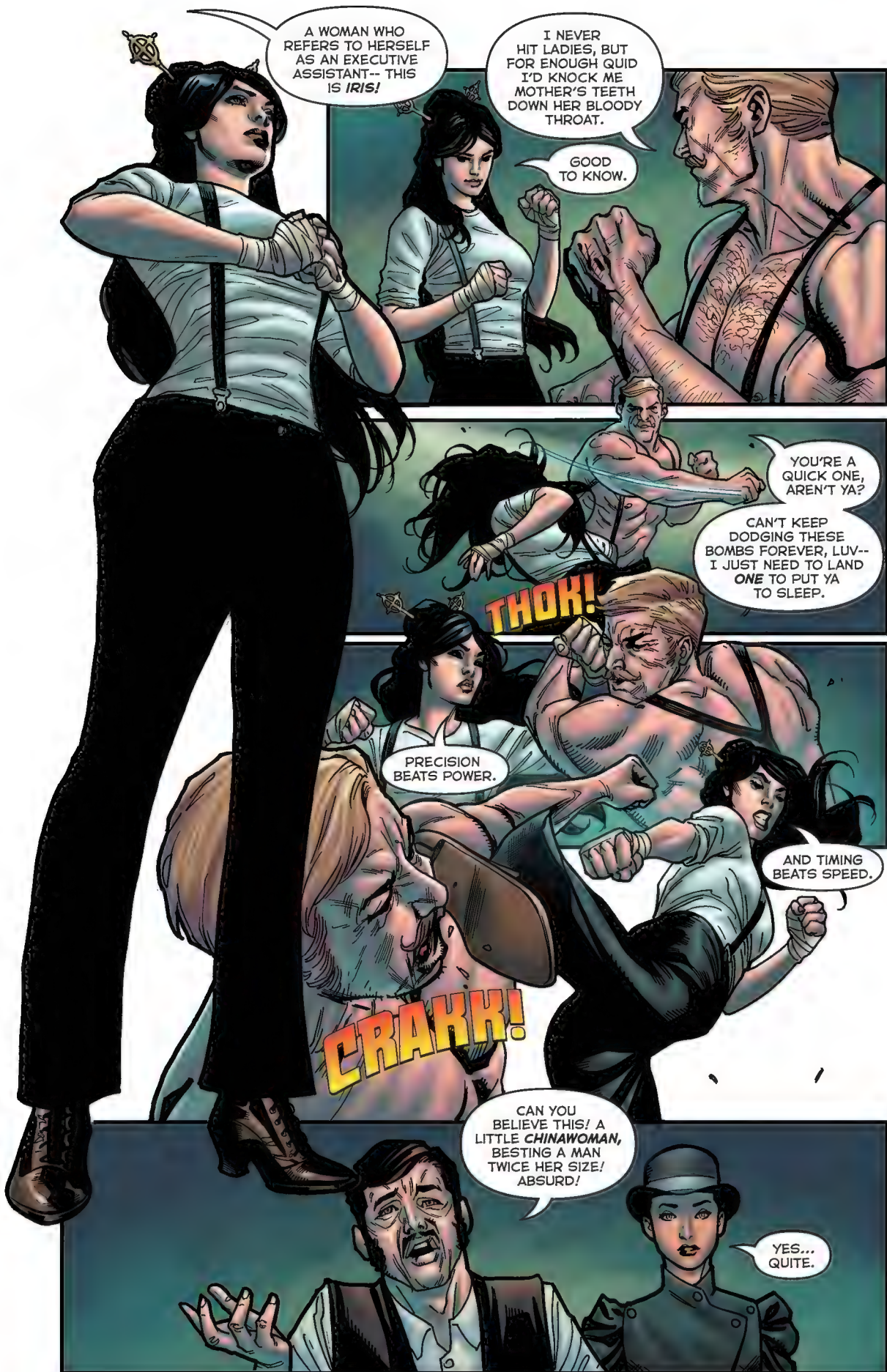


FIRST, OUR
REIGNING CHAMPION:
THE BRAWLER FROM
BLACKPOOL, THE MAN WITH
FISTS OF STONE AND A JAW
OF IRON, THE BRUISER WHO
HAS YET TO TASTE DEFEAT
IN OVER A HUNDRED
SCRAPS...

**VICTOR
'THE MAULER'
MOSS!**



AND HIS
OPPONENT, FROM
THE EXOTIC REACHES OF
THE ORIENT, BRINGING THE
SECRETS OF A MYSTICAL
ART THAT HAS YET TO
REACH THE SHORES
OF ENGLAND...



A WOMAN WHO
REFERS TO HERSELF
AS AN EXECUTIVE
ASSISTANT-- THIS
IS IRIS!

I NEVER
HIT LADIES, BUT
FOR ENOUGH GUID
I'D KNOCK ME
MOTHER'S TEETH
DOWN HER BLOODY
THROAT.

GOOD
TO KNOW.

YOU'RE A
QUICK ONE,
AREN'T YA?

CAN'T KEEP
DODGING THESE
BOMBS FOREVER, LUV--
I JUST NEED TO LAND
ONE TO PUT YA
TO SLEEP.

THOK!

PRECISION
BEATS POWER.

AND TIMING
BEATS SPEED.

CRAKK!

CAN YOU
BELIEVE THIS! A
LITTLE CHINAWOMAN,
BESTING A MAN
TWICE HER SIZE!
ABSURD!

YES...
QUITE.



STOP
RIGHT THERE,
IRIS! THERE'S NO
NEED TO PUT THE
MAN IN A BLOODY
GRAVE!

THE FIGHT
IS OVER, AND
THE CONTEST
HAS BEEN
DECIDED.

THE WINNER,
AND **STILL**
THE REIGNING,
UNDEFEATED
BARE-KNUCKLE
CHAMPION OF
MANCHESTER:
VICTOR MOSS!



TELL ME
THIS IS
A JOKE.

I'M DEADLY
SERIOUS! YOU'RE
DISQUALIFIED! WE
DISCUSSED THE RULES
BEFOREHAND: NO KNEES,
NO KICKS, AND NO ORIENTAL
TRICKERY. YOU BREAK THE
RULES, YOU SUFFER THE
CONSEQUENCES.



PAY ME
WHAT YOU OWE
ME, LITTLE MAN,
OR **SOMETHING** IS
ABOUT TO GET
BROKEN...



I'LL PAY!
I HAVE MONEY,
AND I'D BE MORE
THAN HAPPY TO
COMPENSATE YOU
FOR YOUR EFFORTS,
LADY ASSISTANT
IRIS.

YOU'RE
GOING TO PAY
THIS FOREIGNER
FOR ABSOLUTELY
NO REASON?
HAVE YOU BEEN
TAKING OPIUM?



WELL, YES,
A LITTLE BIT--
BUT I'M **CERTAIN**
I WANT TO DO
THIS.

SUIT
YOURSELF.



THAT WAS
ABSOLUTELY
AMAZING. I'VE
NEVER SEEN A
WOMAN **FIGHT**
LIKE THAT
BEFORE!

PLEASE TEACH
ME HOW YOU DID
THAT...WITH THE
SHINBONE ACROSS
THE FACE! MY PARENTS
ARE VERY WEALTHY, AND
CAN PAY WHATEVER
FEE YOU DEMAND.
MY NAME IS...



ASPEN!
ASPEN MATTHEWS!
I'VE BEEN SEARCHING
FOR YOU FOR **EIGHT**
MONTHS, EVER SINCE
THE NORTHERN WEI
DYNASTY.

YOU BELIEVE
CHINA'S NORTHERN
WEI DYNASTY EXISTED
EIGHT MONTHS AGO? I
THINK PERHAPS **YOU'VE**
BEEN INDULGING IN
TOO MANY OPIATES.



NO, ASPEN,
YOU MISUNDERSTAND. I
HAVE BEEN TRAVELLING FROM
TOWN TO TOWN ACROSS ENGLAND,
LOOKING FOR YOU. I KNOW THIS
SOUNDS CRAZY, BUT PLEASE,
ALLOW ME A MOMENT
TO EXPLAIN...



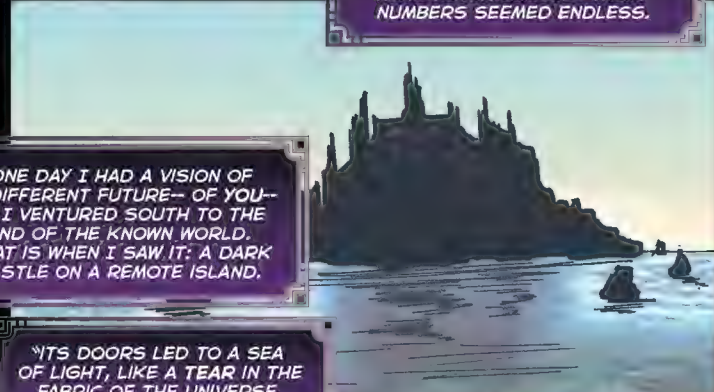
I SPENT YEARS
IN ANCIENT CHINA AS
A GENERAL, DEFENDING MY
DYNASTY FROM THE INVADING
HUNS TO THE SOUTH. THE
LOSSES WERE MASSIVE,
BUT WE KEPT
PRESSING ON.



"BUT WINGED NIGHTMARES
FILLED THE SKIES, AND RAINED
FIRE ON THE BATTLEFIELDS.

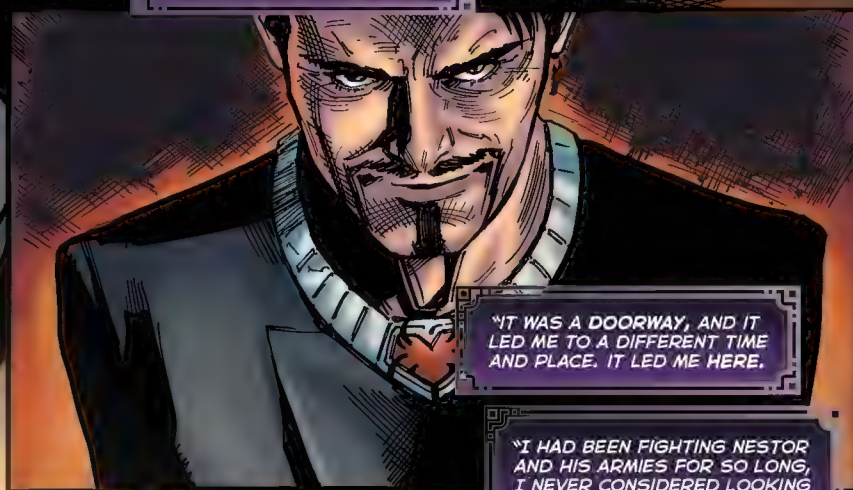


"WE FOUGHT BACK, AND WON, BUT
THE WAVES OF BLOODTHIRSTY
HUNS NEVER CEASED. THEIR
NUMBERS SEEMED ENDLESS.



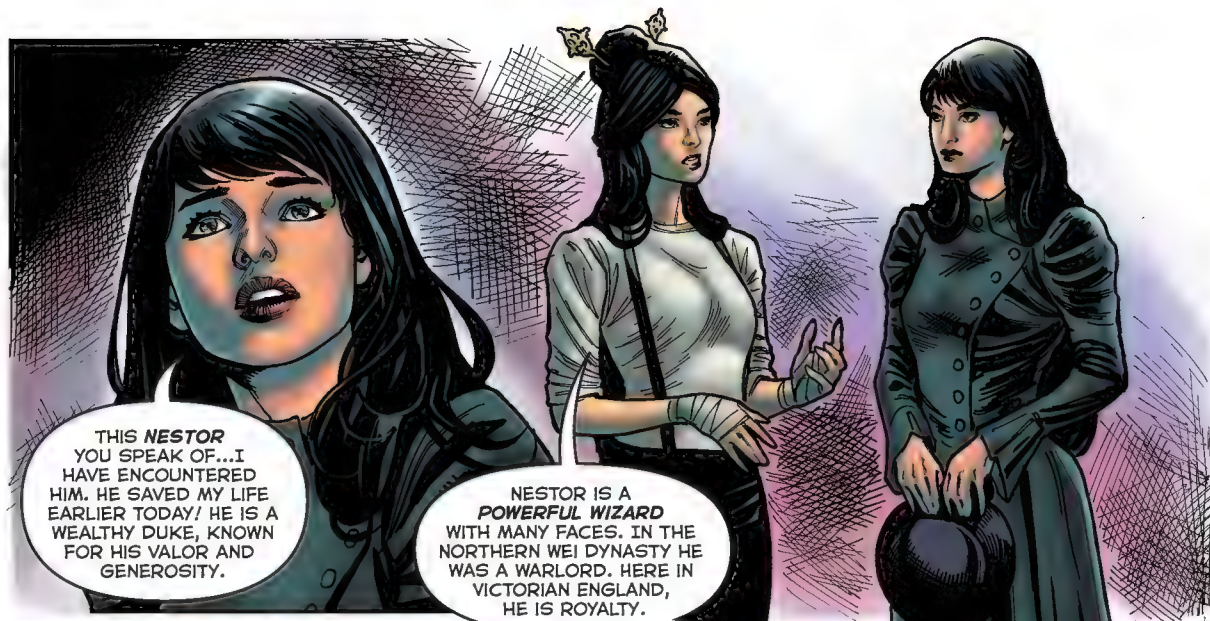
"ONE DAY I HAD A VISION OF
A DIFFERENT FUTURE-- OF YOU--
SO I VENTURED SOUTH TO THE
END OF THE KNOWN WORLD.
THAT IS WHEN I SAW IT: A DARK
CASTLE ON A REMOTE ISLAND.

"ITS DOORS LED TO A SEA
OF LIGHT, LIKE A TEAR IN THE
FABRIC OF THE UNIVERSE.



"IT WAS A DOORWAY, AND IT
LED ME TO A DIFFERENT TIME
AND PLACE. IT LED ME HERE.

"I HAD BEEN FIGHTING NESTOR
AND HIS ARMIES FOR SO LONG,
I NEVER CONSIDERED LOOKING
FOR AN EXIT. BUT I KNEW I
HAD TO FIND YOU."



THIS **NESTOR** YOU SPEAK OF...I HAVE ENCOUNTERED HIM. HE SAVED MY LIFE EARLIER TODAY! HE IS A WEALTHY DUKE, KNOWN FOR HIS VALOR AND GENEROSITY.

NESTOR IS A **POWERFUL WIZARD** WITH MANY FACES. IN THE NORTHERN WEI DYNASTY HE WAS A WARLORD. HERE IN VICTORIAN ENGLAND, HE IS ROYALTY.

OUTSIDE OF THIS FALSE REALITY...I DO NOT KNOW.

THIS IS MADNESS! WHY SHOULD I BELIEVE **ANYTHING** YOU SAY?

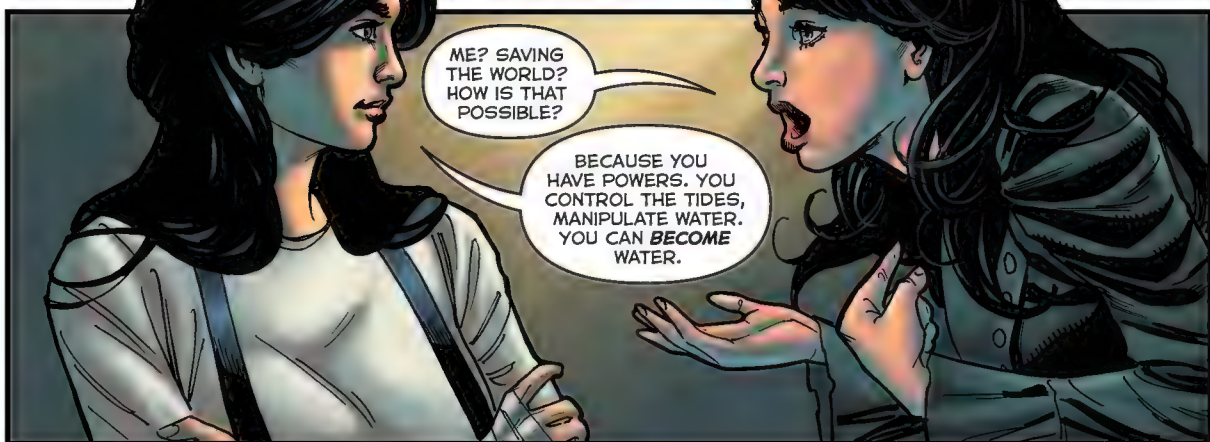


BECAUSE WE KNEW EACH OTHER IN **THE REAL WORLD**. I HAVE ONLY VAGUE RECOLLECTIONS OF IT, BUT I REMEMBER SEEING YOU, FIGHTING, SAVING PEOPLE IN AMERICA. YOU ARE A **HERO**.



ME? SAVING THE WORLD? HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE?

BECAUSE YOU HAVE POWERS. YOU CONTROL THE TIDES, MANIPULATE WATER. YOU CAN **BECOME** WATER.





THIS IS
PREPOSTEROUS!
SOME LOWLY PRIZE
FIGHTER REGALES ME
WITH ABSURD TALES OF
HEROICS AND GOD-LIKE
ABILITIES, AND THAT
I CAN TRANSFORM
INTO WATER LIKE
SOME SORT OF--



WHAT ARE
YOU DOING!?
UNHAND ME
AT ONCE!



THIS DOESN'T
EVEN **HURT**. BUT...
BUT THIS ISN'T...
HOW IS THIS EVEN
POSSIBLE?



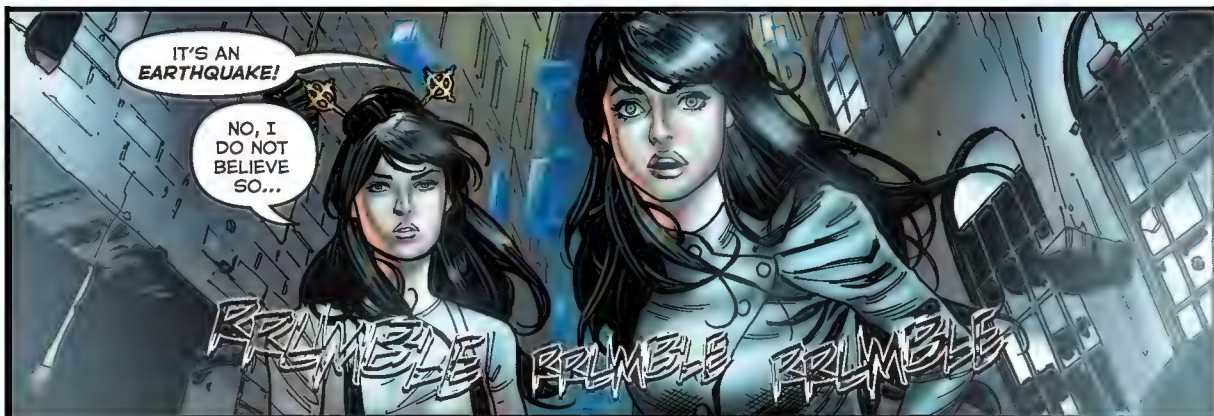
I TOLD
YOU-- YOU
ARE A SUPER
HUMAN. A
HERO.

YOU JUST
NEEDED A SHARP
REMINDER.

HOW COULD
YOU BE **CERTAIN**
THAT I HAD THESE
POWERS? THAT THE KNIFE
WOULD PASS RIGHT
THROUGH ME?

BECAUSE I
AM **AWARE**. I MEDITATE,
I REFLECT, I SEE THINGS
THAT OTHERS DO NOT. IT IS
MY POWER, IN A MANNER
OF SPEAKING.

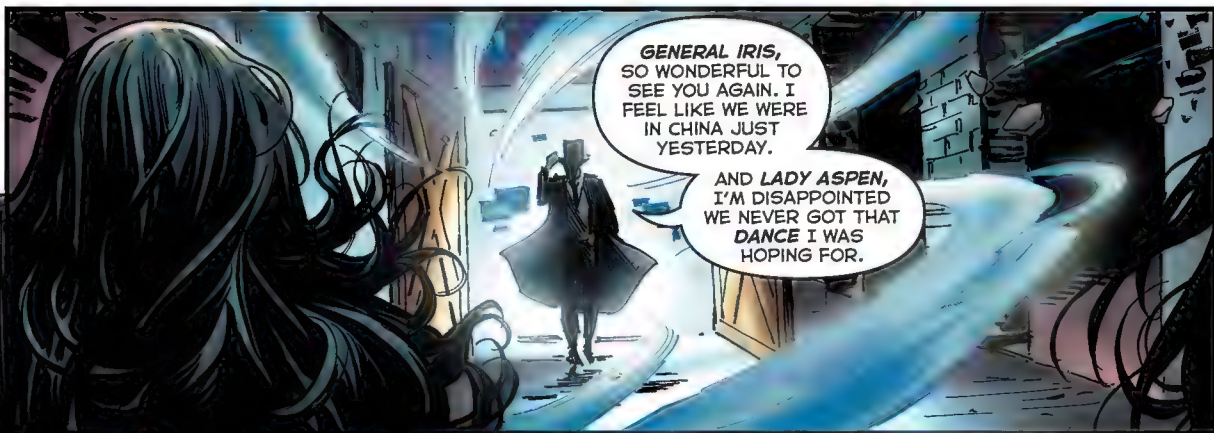
YOU EXIST
IN THE REAL WORLD
JUST AS YOU DO HERE...
MINUS THE BRITISH ACCENT.
I AM NOT SURE I CAN
HELP RID YOU
OF THAT.



IT'S AN EARTHQUAKE!

NO, I DO NOT BELIEVE SO...

RRUMBLE! RUMBLE RUMBLE



GENERAL IRIS, SO WONDERFUL TO SEE YOU AGAIN. I FEEL LIKE WE WERE IN CHINA JUST YESTERDAY.

AND LADY ASPEN, I'M DISAPPOINTED WE NEVER GOT THAT DANCE I WAS HOPING FOR.



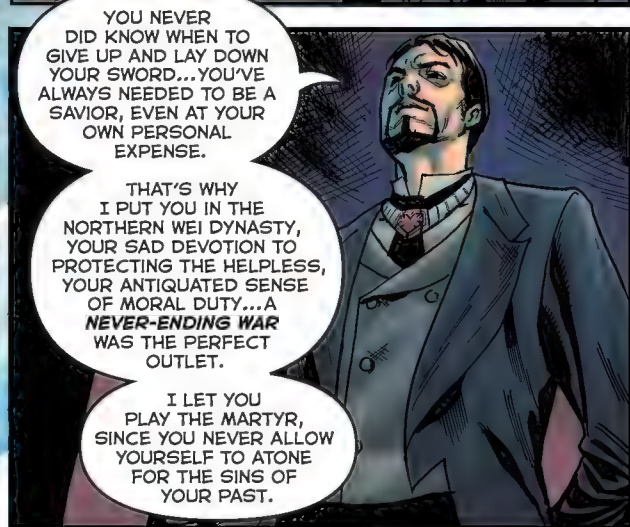
SO YOU ARE HERE TO KILL US, NESTOR?

OH, PLEASE, DON'T BE SO DRAMATIC. IF I'D WANTED YOU DEAD, YOU'D BOTH HAVE BEEN BURIED YEARS AGO. I NEED BOTH OF YOU ALIVE FOR THE PROJECT.

YOU TRIED TO KILL ME COUNTLESS TIMES ON THE BATTLEFIELD!



INCORRECT. I OFFERED YOU RESISTANCE, AND GAVE YOU PRECISELY WHAT YOU REQUIRED: A PURPOSE.



YOU NEVER DID KNOW WHEN TO GIVE UP AND LAY DOWN YOUR SWORD...YOU'VE ALWAYS NEEDED TO BE A SAVIOR, EVEN AT YOUR OWN PERSONAL EXPENSE.

THAT'S WHY I PUT YOU IN THE NORTHERN WEI DYNASTY, YOUR SAD DEVOTION TO PROTECTING THE HELPLESS, YOUR ANTIQUATED SENSE OF MORAL DUTY...A NEVER-ENDING WAR WAS THE PERFECT OUTLET.

I LET YOU PLAY THE MARTYR, SINCE YOU NEVER ALLOW YOURSELF TO ATONE FOR THE SINS OF YOUR PAST.



AND ASPEN, YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN TORN BETWEEN TWO WORLDS: YOUR CONNECTIONS TO THE HUMANS ON LAND, AND YOUR ANCESTRY WITH *THE BLUE* BENEATH THE SEA.

BUT YOU CAN NEVER QUITE MAKE UP YOUR MIND, CAN YOU?



KEEPING YOU OCCUPIED IN VICTORIAN ENGLAND WHERE NOBILITY ARE CONSTANTLY PREOCCUPIED WITH MEANINGLESS CHOICES WAS THE IDEAL PRISON FOR SOMEONE SO TRAGICALLY *INDECISIVE* AS YOURSELF.

PRISON? IS THAT WHAT THIS IS?

YES, AND I WAS HOPING TO KEEP YOU *OCCUPIED* FOR AT LEAST A FEW MORE YEARS WITH OUR MARRIAGE AND OTHER MORE... *TANTALIZING* DISTRACTIONS, THOUGH NOW I'LL HAVE TO COME UP WITH AN ALTERNATIVE.



SOME FOURTH DEGREE BURNS WILL KEEP YOU BOTH *BIOLOGICALLY* ALIVE IN THIS WORLD, BUT IN A CONSTANT STATE OF *PAIN AND SUFFERING* FOR YEARS TO COME-- GIVING ME MORE THAN ENOUGH TIME TO COMPLETE THE PROJECT.



SO... IT'S A WIN-WIN.



HOW...HOW ARE YOU DOING THIS? THIS SHOULDN'T BE POSSIBLE!

I DON'T KNOW...I...I FELT LIKE I COULD PULL THE MOISTURE FROM THE AIR AND REDIRECT IT...



YOU CAN'T FIGHT BACK! THIS WORLD WASN'T DESIGNED FOR PARADOXES! YOU'RE TEARING THE FABRIC!



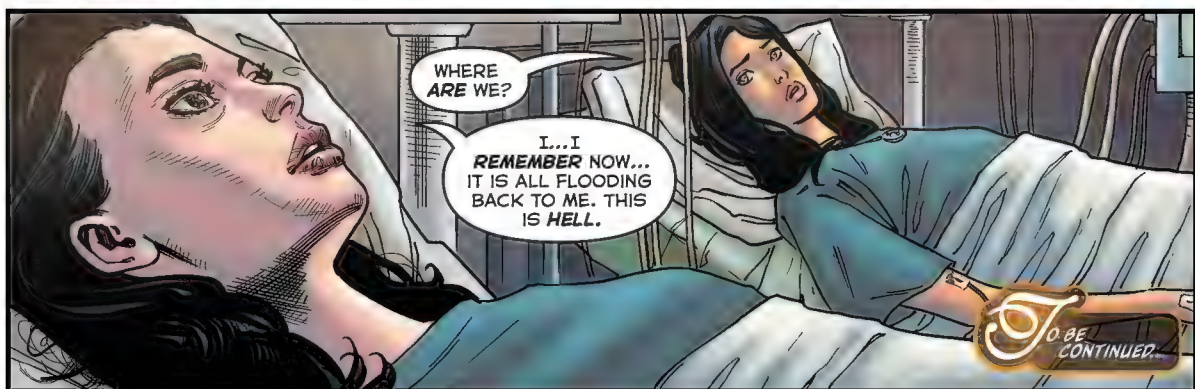
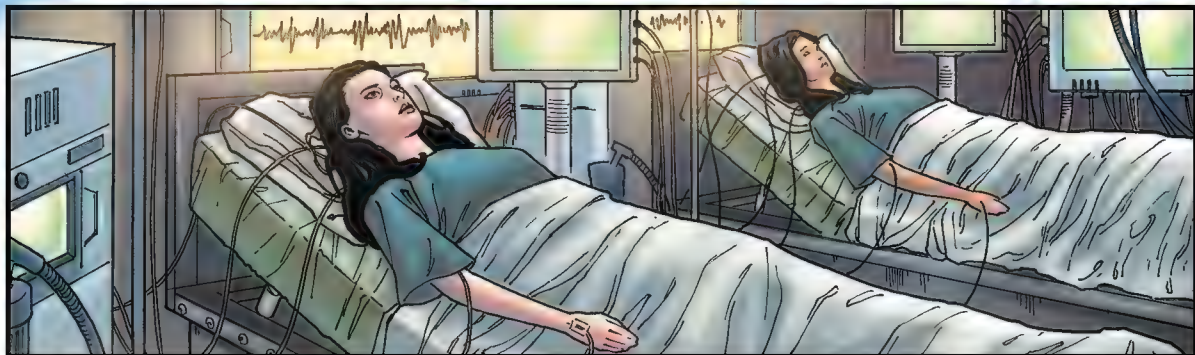
STOP RESISTING, OR WE'LL ALL DIE IN HERE!



DO NOT LISTEN TO HIM, ASPEN! COME WITH ME INTO THE VOID!



NOOOOO!



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COVER A

MICHAEL TURNER'S
SOULFIRE
THE HEART OF ETERNITY

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"THE HEART OF ETERNITY"

The story so far...

In the future, the world is dominated by technology, and an ancient power is on the verge of making a big comeback. The magic inherent in the universe has been dormant for centuries, but all that may change if a special spirit can bring about the next great age of magic!



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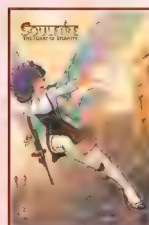
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IN A WORLD BUILT
ON LIES, TRUTH IS
THE MOST VALUABLE
FORM OF CURRENCY.

SO YOU HAVE TO
SPEND IT WISELY.



PASSWORD,
SWEETHEART. AIN'T
NOBODY GETS IN
WITHOUT THE
PASSWORD.

THE
PASSWORD
IS 'OPEN THIS
DOOR BEFORE YOU
GET IT RIGHT IN
THE KISSER',
BENOIST.

WHOA, TAKE
IT EASY, **GRACE**.
AIN'T NOTHING
PERSONAL...IT'S
JUST BUSINESS.



SO
WHERE'S
THE BIG
CHEESE?

HASN'T
ARRIVED YET. YOU
KNOW HOW HE
LIKES TO MAKE
AN ENTRANCE.

BUT HE SENT
YOU A **GIFT** TO
APOLOGIZE FOR
BEING LATE.

AGAIN? I'LL PUT THESE WITH THE
REST...I'M NOT COMPLAINING, BUT
IF HE'S LATE ONE MORE TIME
I'M GONNA NEED A NEW
JEWELRY BOX.

BY THE
WAY, A COUPLE
OF DAMES AT THE
BAR WERE ASKIN' FOR
YA. YOU SHOULD SEE THE
GAMS ON THE BRUNETTE.
THEY'RE LIKE THE STOCK
MARKET: THEY KEEP
GOING ALL THE
WAY UP TO--

DON'T
PRESS YOUR
LUCK, BENNY.
JUST SHOW
ME THE
WAY.





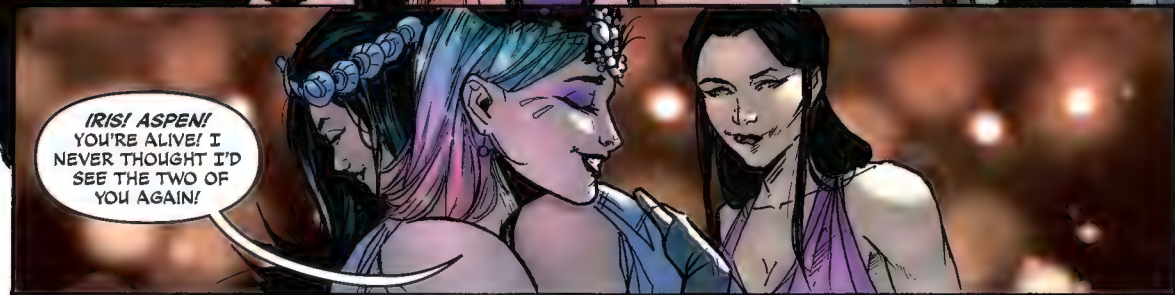
AND NOW,
FOR YOUR VIEWING
PLEASURE, *NESTOR* HAS
PROVIDED A SPECIAL
ATTRACTION!



DIDN'T I
TELL YOU? IT'S
ADORABLE!



IS THAT...IS IT
REALLY YOU?!



IRIS! ASPEN!
YOU'RE ALIVE! I
NEVER THOUGHT I'D
SEE THE TWO OF
YOU AGAIN!



LET ME
TAKE A GOOD
LOOK AT YOU. I CAN'T
BELIEVE YOU MADE
IT **SEVEN YEARS**
IN THE LAB.

WAIT...WE'VE
BEEN GONE
SEVEN YEARS?
HOW IS THAT
POSSIBLE?

THINGS
ARE DIFFERENT
NOW-- WE **REBUILT**,
BUT NESTOR STILL
RUNS IT ALL.

AND SPEAKING
OF WHICH, HE'S ON
HIS WAY, AND YOU CAN'T
BE HERE WHEN HE
ARRIVES.

WAIT, YOU'RE
MEETING HIM?

IT'S ALL
PART OF MY
PLAN TO STEAL
THE HEART OF
ETERNITY.

LOOK, I HAVE
NO IDEA HOW YOU
TWO ESCAPED, BUT
I WANT TO HEAR
ALL ABOUT IT. I HAVE
A CAR AROUND BACK
THAT'LL DRIVE US
TO A SAFEHOUSE.
WE'LL BLOW THIS
JOINT IN TEN--

WE CAN'T
TALK HERE. THERE
ARE EYES AND EARS
EVERYWHERE, AND
I CAN'T BE SEEN
WITH YOU.

BUT WE NEED
ANSWERS. BEFORE
WE WERE CAPTURED
DRAGONS FILLED THE
SKIES, THE WORLD WAS
IN FLAMES...BUT THE
REST IS HAZY.

HOPE
I'M NOT
INTRUDING.
GALS



OH
APPLESAUCE.

LORD NESTOR
COULDN'T MAKE
IT, SO HE SENT ME
TO KEEP YOU
COMPANY.

IT SEEMS
LIKE YOU'VE
ALREADY
MADE SOME
NEW FRIENDS,
THOUGH.

YEAH, UM,
LADIES,
THIS IS
ONYX.

ONYX, THIS
IS...CLARA, AND
THIS HERE IS
COCO.

HEY THERE, NICE
TO MAKE YOUR
ACQUAINTANCE.

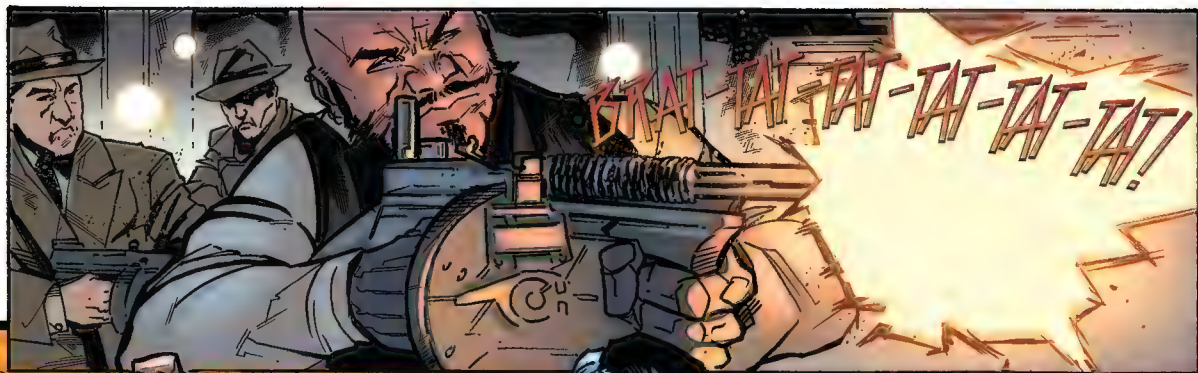
INTERESTING,
BECAUSE TWO
PRISONERS WENT
MISSING FROM
THE LAB YESTERDAY,
AND THEY BEAR A STRIKING
RESEMBLANCE TO YOUR
NEW PALS CLARA
AND COCO.

WAIT,
I...I CAN
EXPLAIN.

NO NEED,
GRACE. JUST
SIT BACK, RELAX,
AND ENJOY YOUR
GIGGLE WATER.

MAYBE
BENOIST AND THE
FELLAS CAN READ
YOU TODAY'S
SPECIALS?

SORRY,
DOLLFACE. NOTHING
PERSONAL...IT'S JUST
BUSINESS.



YOU HAVE
NO IDEA HOW LONG
I'VE WAITED FOR THIS
MOMENT, GRACE. NOW
I DON'T HAVE TO
HOLD BACK.



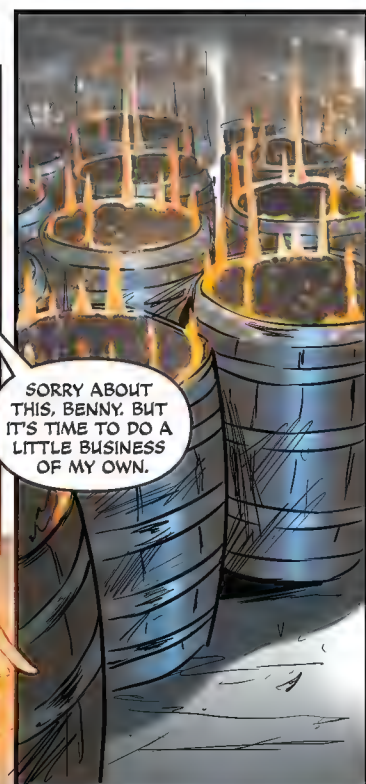
I WISH YOU
WERE YOUR OLD
SELF... THAT YOU WERE
STILL WHOLE. THEN I COULD
HAVE THE SATISFACTION
OF PULLING YOU APART
PIECE BY PIECE.



GAKKKK!

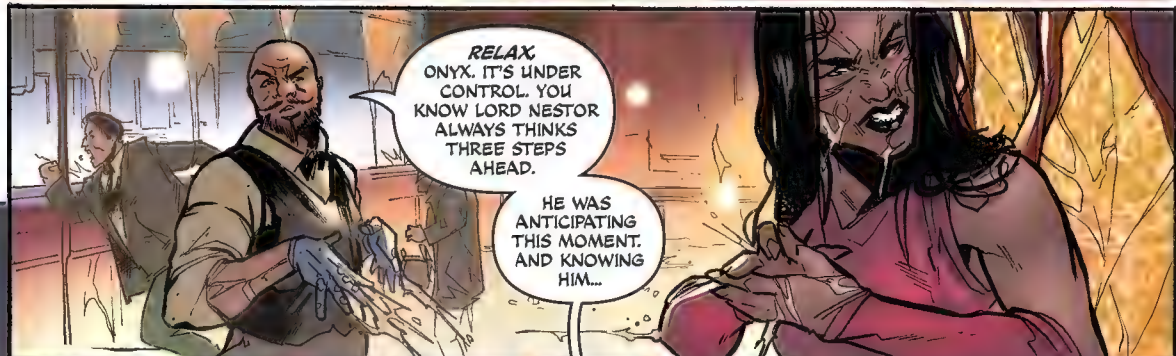
NESTOR
FELL FOR YOUR
FLUTTERING EYELASHES
AND COY LITTLE SMILES.
BUT I ALWAYS KNEW
YOU WERE A
TRAITOR.







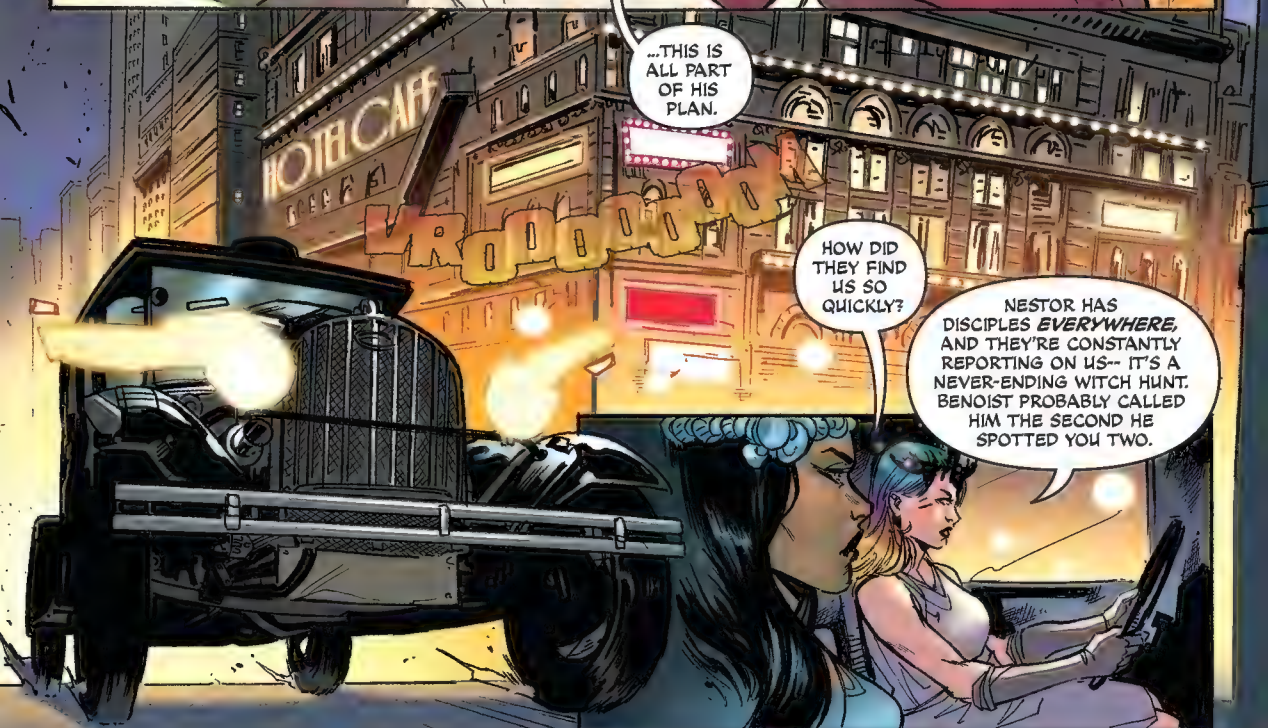
WE'LL DON'T
JUST STAND
THERE! FIND
THEM!



RELAX
ONYX. IT'S UNDER
CONTROL. YOU
KNOW LORD NESTOR
ALWAYS THINKS
THREE STEPS
AHEAD.

HE WAS
ANTICIPATING
THIS MOMENT.
AND KNOWING
HIM...

...THIS IS
ALL PART
OF HIS
PLAN.



HOW DID
THEY FIND
US SO
QUICKLY?

NESTOR HAS
DISCIPLES *EVERYWHERE*,
AND THEY'RE CONSTANTLY
REPORTING ON US-- IT'S A
NEVER-ENDING WITCH HUNT.
BENOIST PROBABLY CALLED
HIM THE SECOND HE
SPOTTED YOU TWO.

NOW THAT
MY COVER IS BLOWN
WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE
THIS A QUICK STOP. I'M
GONNA PACK SOME
BAGS, AND WE NEED
TO RELOCATE.



DON'T GET ME WRONG, I MISSED YOU GALS LIKE YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE, BUT NOW THAT YOU'VE BLOWN MY COVER I'M BACK TO SQUARE ONE.

WE'LL FIGURE SOMETHING OUT. WE ALWAYS DO.

IRIS! YOU'RE ALIVE! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S REALLY YOU!

MACK! WHAT... WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO YOUR FACE? AND YOUR ARM?

A RUN-IN WITH ONE OF NESTOR'S PETS. NO BIG DEAL, IT WAS YEARS AGO-- PRACTICALLY ANCIENT HISTORY AT THIS POINT.

I DON'T WANT TO SPOIL YOUR REUNION, BUT WE'RE SHORT ON TIME, AND WE NEED ANSWERS.

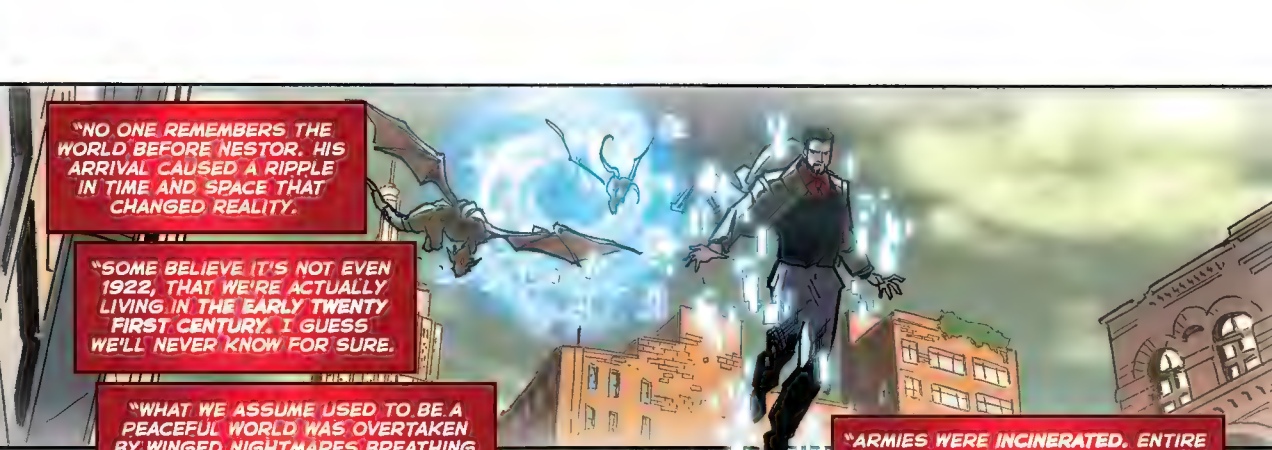
IRIS AND I CAN'T REMEMBER HOW WE ENDED UP IN COMAS, WHY WE WERE CAPTURED, AND WE CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT THE WORLD WAS LIKE *BEFORE* ALL OF THIS BEGAN.

CLICK

IN THE MEANTIME, THERE'S SOMEONE WHO'S BEEN WAITING SEVEN YEARS TO SEE YOU.

IT STARTED A DECADE AGO.

MACK CAN FILL YOU IN ON THE DETAILS.

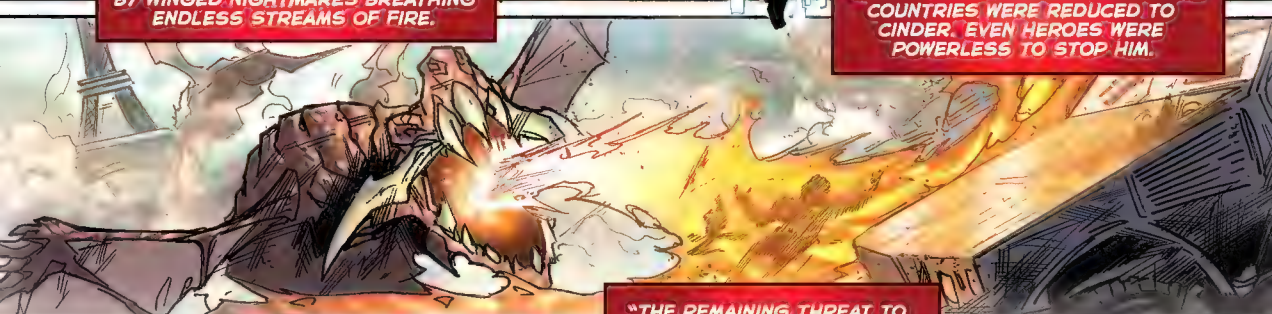


"NO ONE REMEMBERS THE WORLD BEFORE NESTOR. HIS ARRIVAL CAUSED A RIPPLE IN TIME AND SPACE THAT CHANGED REALITY."

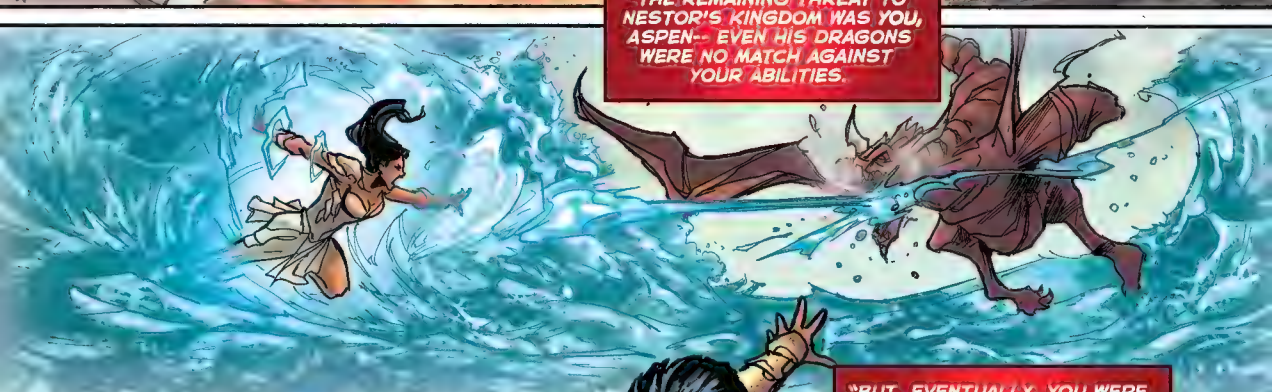
"SOME BELIEVE IT'S NOT EVEN 1922, THAT WE'RE ACTUALLY LIVING IN THE EARLY TWENTY FIRST CENTURY. I GUESS WE'LL NEVER KNOW FOR SURE."

"WHAT WE ASSUME USED TO BE A PEACEFUL WORLD WAS OVERTAKEN BY WINGED NIGHTMARES BREATHING ENDLESS STREAMS OF FIRE."

"ARMIES WERE INCINERATED. ENTIRE COUNTRIES WERE REDUCED TO CINDER. EVEN HEROES WERE POWERLESS TO STOP HIM."



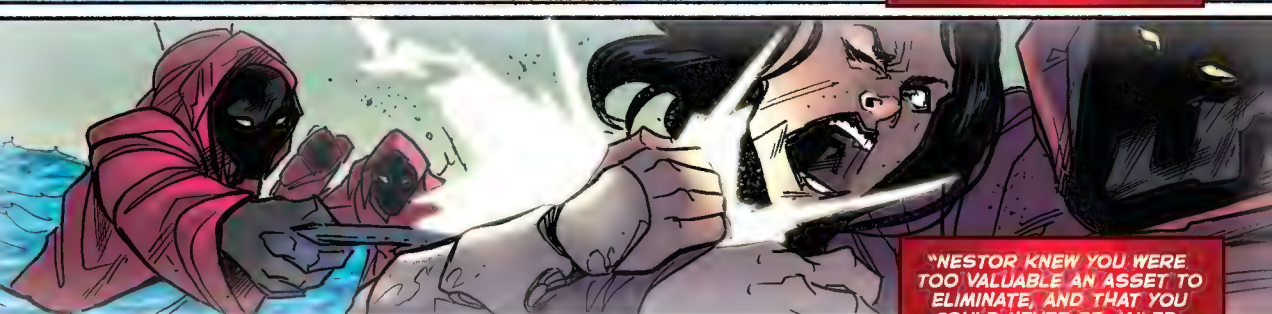
"THE REMAINING THREAT TO NESTOR'S KINGDOM WAS YOU, ASPEN-- EVEN HIS DRAGONS WERE NO MATCH AGAINST YOUR ABILITIES."



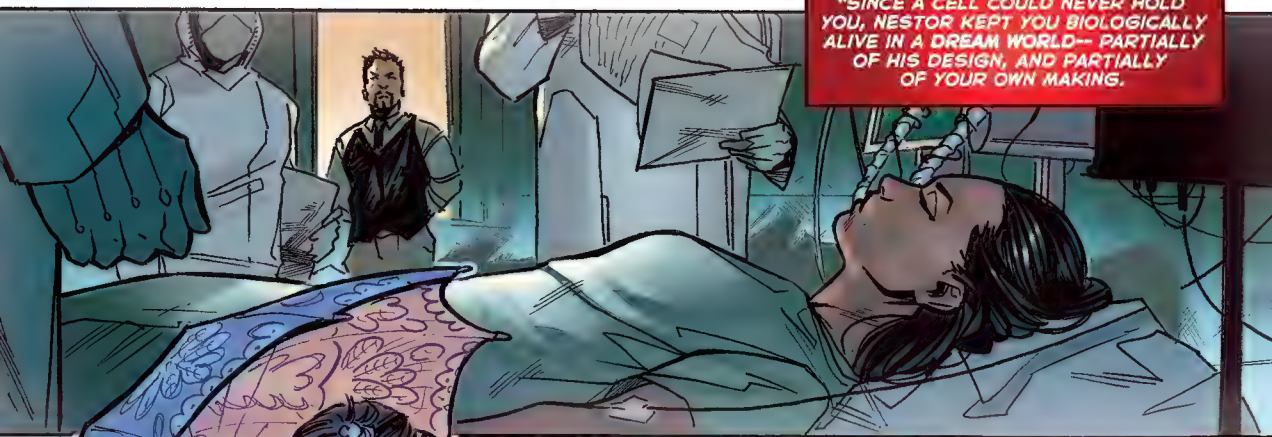
"BUT, EVENTUALLY, YOU WERE OVERWHELMED BY THE SHEER NUMBER OF HIS DISCIPLES."



"IT TOOK HUNDREDS TO EVENTUALLY RESTRAIN YOU, BUT EVEN SO, THEY KNEW THEIR VICTORY WOULD BE SHORT-LIVED."



"NESTOR KNEW YOU WERE TOO VALUABLE AN ASSET TO ELIMINATE, AND THAT YOU COULD NEVER BE JAILED."

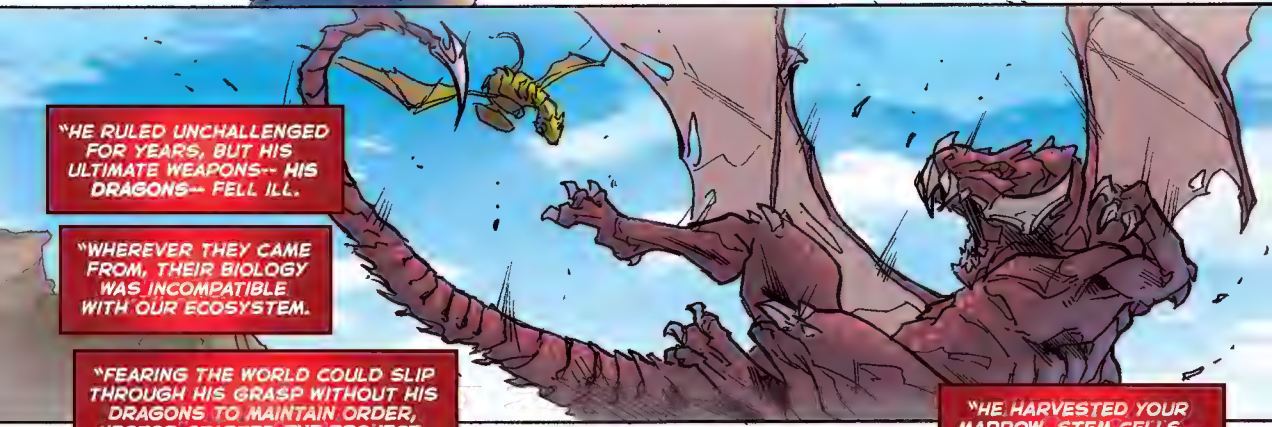


"SINCE A CELL COULD NEVER HOLD YOU, NESTOR KEPT YOU BIOLOGICALLY ALIVE IN A DREAM WORLD-- PARTIALLY OF HIS DESIGN, AND PARTIALLY OF YOUR OWN MAKING.



"HIS MAGIC WAS FUSED WITH MEDICAL TECHNOLOGY-- IT'S A SYSTEM TO KEEP THE MOST POWERFUL HEROES LOCKED AWAY NOT BEHIND BARS, BUT IN THEIR OWN MINDS.

"YOU CAN'T ESCAPE A PRISON IF YOU DON'T KNOW YOU'RE A PRISONER.

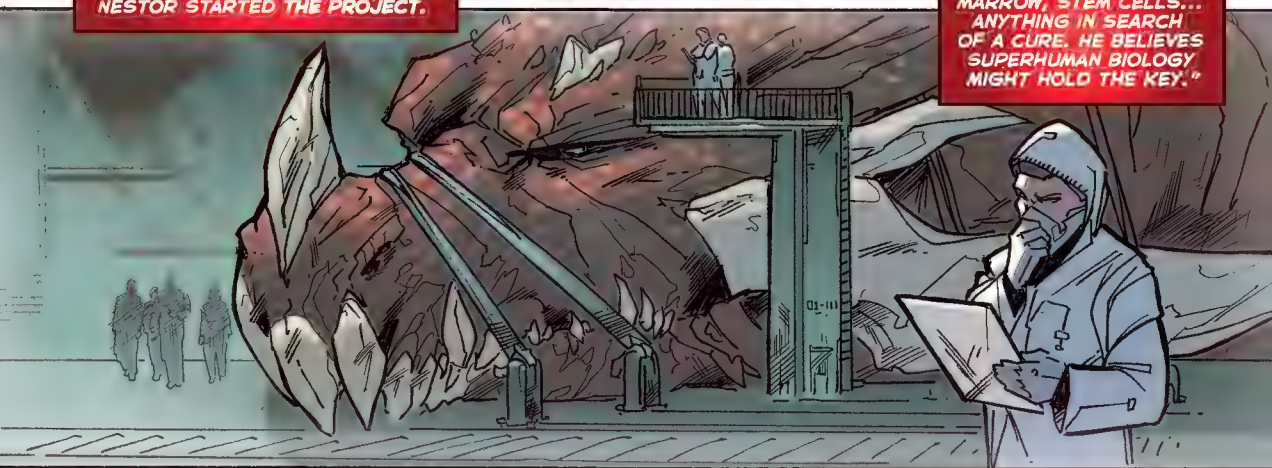


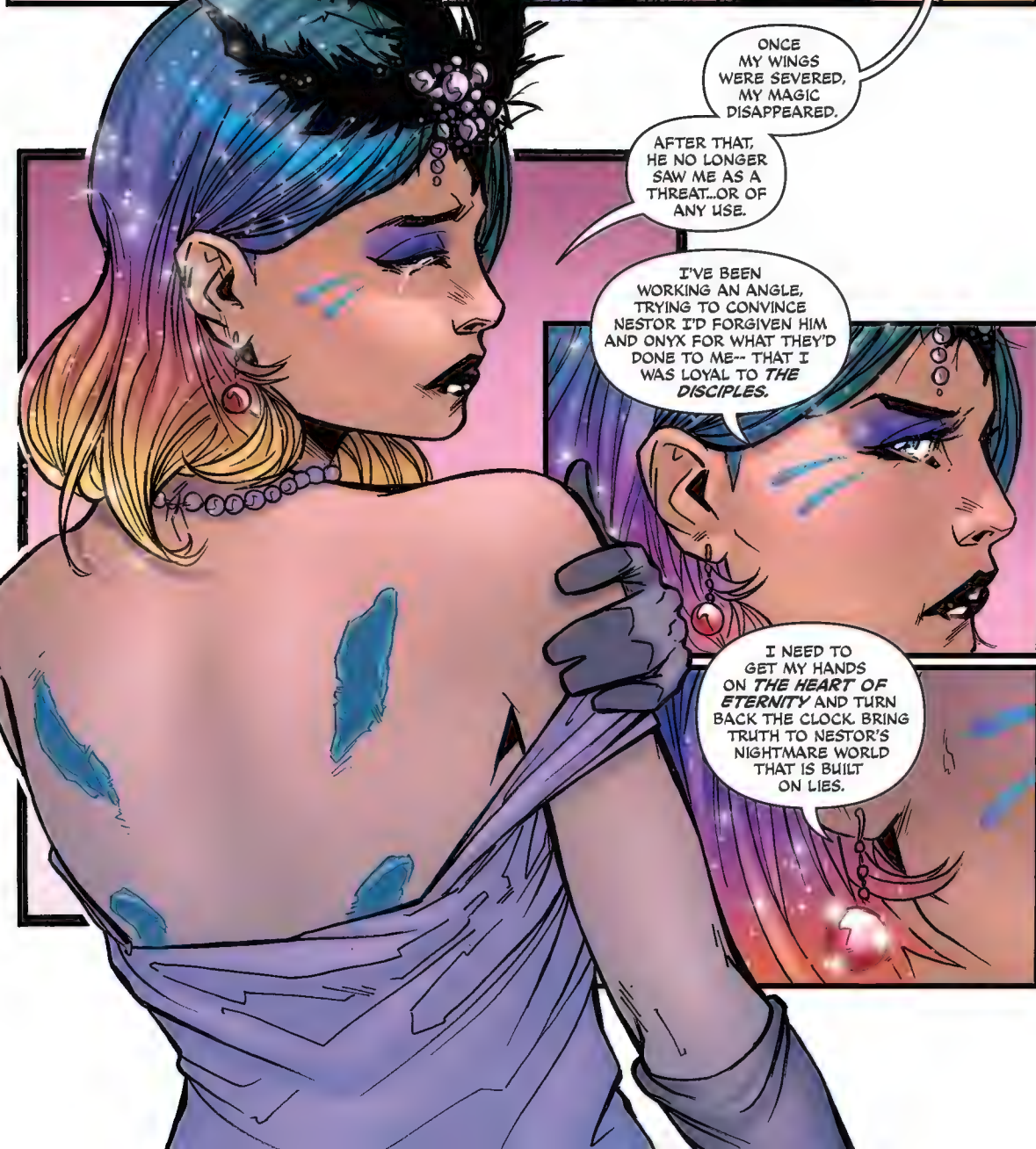
"HE RULED UNCHALLENGED FOR YEARS, BUT HIS ULTIMATE WEAPONS-- HIS DRAGONS-- FELL ILL.

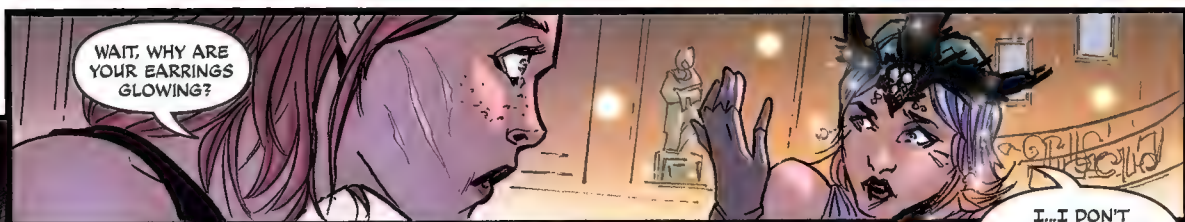
"WHEREVER THEY CAME FROM, THEIR BIOLOGY WAS INCOMPATIBLE WITH OUR ECOSYSTEM.

"FEARING THE WORLD COULD SLIP THROUGH HIS GRASP WITHOUT HIS DRAGONS TO MAINTAIN ORDER, NESTOR STARTED THE PROJECT.

"HE HARVESTED YOUR MARROW, STEM CELLS... ANYTHING IN SEARCH OF A CURE. HE BELIEVES SUPERHUMAN BIOLOGY MIGHT HOLD THE KEY."







WAIT, WHY ARE
YOUR EARRINGS
GLOWING?

I...I DON'T
KNOW? EARLIER
TONIGHT BENOIST
GAVE THEM TO ME.
A GIFT FROM...



NESTOR.



SO GLAD
YOU DECIDED TO
WEAR THEM, MY DEAR.
THEY'RE QUITE
BECOMING.

GNNNAH!

I KNEW
YOU COULDN'T
RESIST SOME SHINY
BAUBLES. THANKS TO
YOUR VANITY I WAS ABLE
TO NOT ONLY TRACK
YOU, BUT **HEAR**
YOU AS WELL.



BZZZT



YOU SAY MY
WORLD IS BUILT ON
LIES? THAT MAY BE, BUT
LET ME BE THE FIRST
TO OFFER YOU SOME
TRUTH:

THOSE BRAINLESS
WINGED LIZARDS ARE
NO DIFFERENT THAN THE
REST OF YOU: **REPLACEABLE**
TOYS. I USE THEM FOR
WAR, FOR AMUSEMENT,
TO DRAIN THEIR MAGIC
WHEN NEEDED.

BUT MAKE
NO MISTAKE, NONE
OF THIS IS ABOUT
POWER.

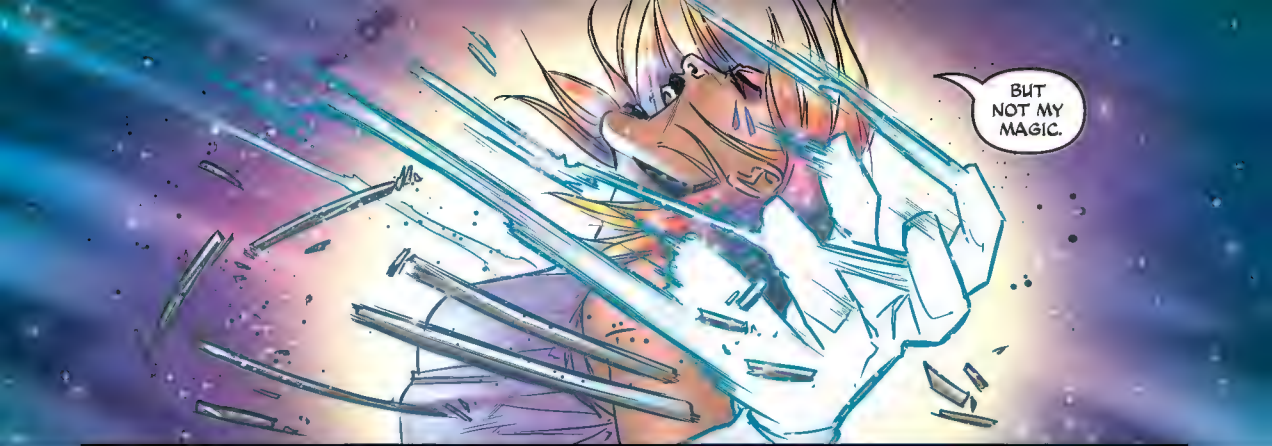
I NO LONGER
CAUSE SUFFERING AS
A MEANS TO AN END--
I ALREADY CONTROL
THIS WORD, AND MY
POWER IS VIRTUALLY
LIMITLESS.

NOW,
I CAUSE
SUFFERING
BECAUSE IT
PLEASES
ME.

DEPRIVING YOU OF
FLIGHT PUT A SMILE
ON MY FACE-- TO CLIP
THE WINGS OF SOMEONE
SO OUTSPOKEN, SO **FREE**.
DRAINING YOUR MAGIC IN
THE PROCESS WAS SIMPLY
AN UNEXPECTED
BENEFIT.

THANK
YOU FOR YOUR
HONESTY, NESTOR. IN THE
SPIRIT OF OUR NEWFOUND
MUTUAL RESPECT, I'LL LET YOU
IN ON A LITTLE SECRET I'VE
BEEN KEEPING SINCE THE
MOMENT YOU TOOK
MY **WINGS**.

WHEN YOU
HAD ONYX CUT
THEM OFF,
SHE TOOK MY
FLIGHT...



BUT
NOT MY
MAGIC.

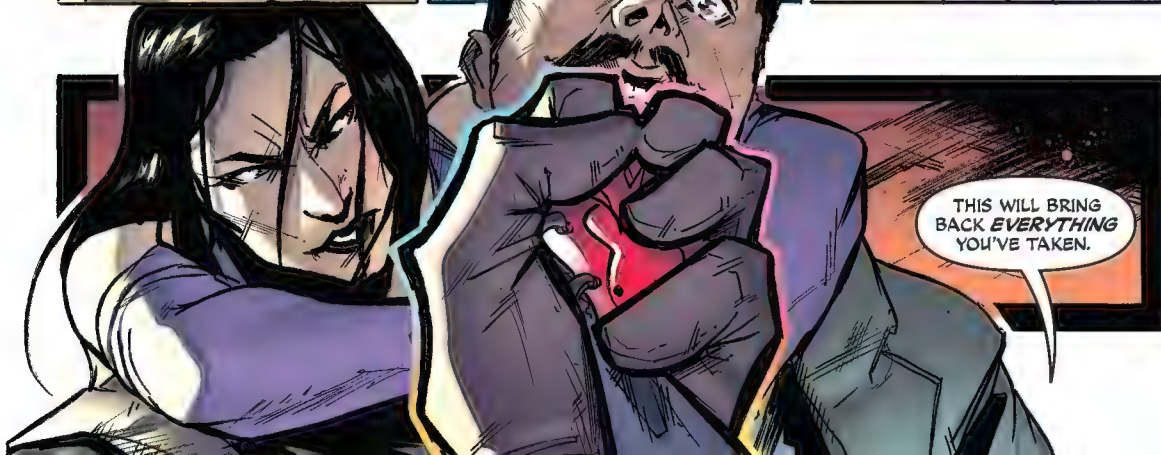


ASPEN,
NOW!

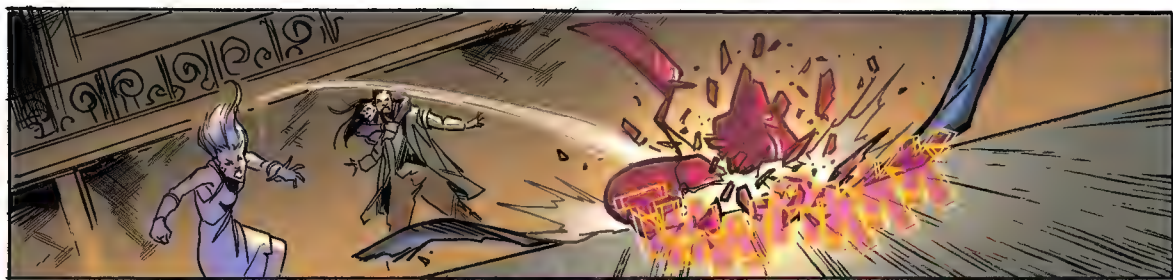


I HAVE
HIM! REMOVE
THE STONE,
GRACE!

THIS IS FOR
EVERY LIFE YOU'VE
RUINED, FOR EVERYONE
WHO HAS SUFFERED
AT YOUR HAND...



THIS WILL BRING
BACK **EVERYTHING**
YOU'VE TAKEN.



BUT...THAT
SHOULD HAVE DONE
IT! BREAKING THE STONE
SHOULD'VE REVERSED
EVERYTHING NESTOR
HAS DONE!



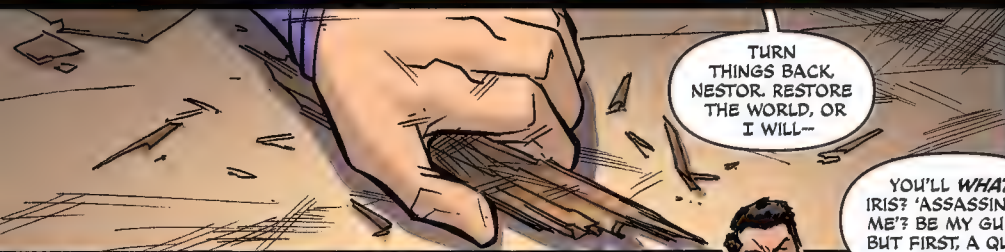
YOU REALLY
BELIEVED THAT
SHATTERING THE *HEART
OF ETERNITY* WOULD
TURN BACK TIME? CHANGE
THE WORLD I'VE BUILT?
RESTORE YOUR
WINGS?



WHO DO YOU THINK
STARTED THE FOLKTALE
ABOUT THE MYTHIC '*HEART
OF ETERNITY*' IN THE
FIRST PLACE?

I WANTED TO
GIVE PEOPLE HOPE THAT
ONE DAY, THEIR PRECIOUS
WORLD COULD BE RECLAIMED.
THE MOST AMUSING LIE
I'VE EVER TOLD.





TURN
THINGS BACK,
NESTOR. RESTORE
THE WORLD, OR
I WILL—

YOU'LL *WHAT*,
IRIS? 'ASSASSINATE
ME'? BE MY GUEST.
BUT FIRST, A QUICK
WARNING.



MY BEATING
HEART *IS* THE HEART
OF ETERNITY. MY OWN
NERVOUS SYSTEM IS LINKED
MAGICALLY TO THIS WORLD.
IF IT STOPS, THE WORLD
WILL COME APART, ALONG
WITH EVERYTHING
IN IT.



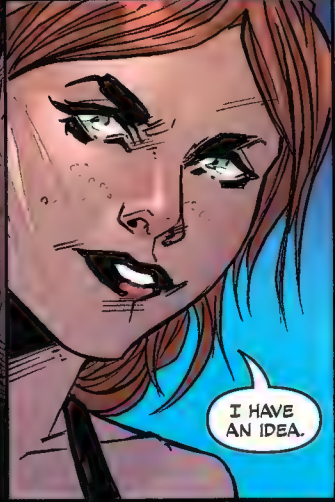
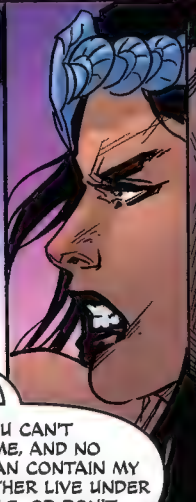
HE'S
LYING.



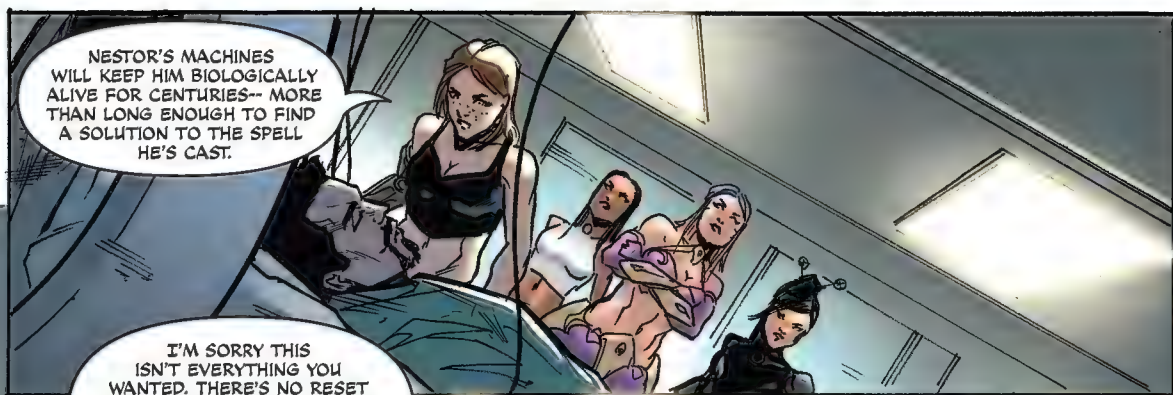
CAN YOU TAKE
THAT RISK? IF YOU'D
LIKE TO GAMBLE WITH
THE FATE OF THE
UNIVERSE, BY ALL
MEANS, PLUNGE YOUR
STAKE IN AND SEE
WHAT HAPPENS.



YOU CAN'T
KILL ME, AND NO
PRISON CAN CONTAIN MY
POWER. EITHER LIVE UNDER
MY RULE...OR DON'T
LIVE AT ALL.



I HAVE
AN IDEA.



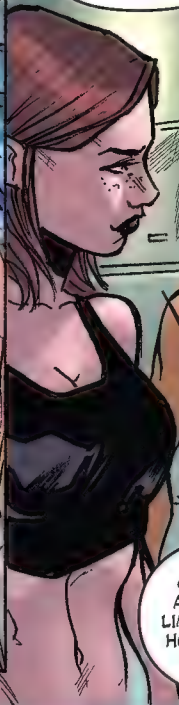
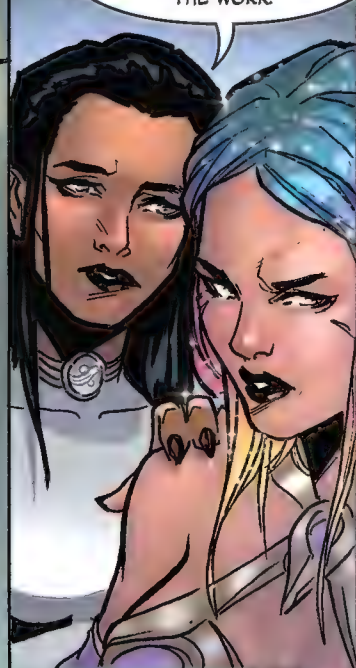
NESTOR'S MACHINES
WILL KEEP HIM BIOLOGICALLY
ALIVE FOR CENTURIES-- MORE
THAN LONG ENOUGH TO FIND
A SOLUTION TO THE SPELL
HE'S CAST.

I'M SORRY THIS
ISN'T EVERYTHING YOU
WANTED. THERE'S NO RESET
BUTTON. IF WE WANT TO REBUILD
THE WORLD THE *RIGHT* WAY, WE
CAN'T USE MAGIC TO DO IT.
WE NEED TO PUT IN
THE WORK.

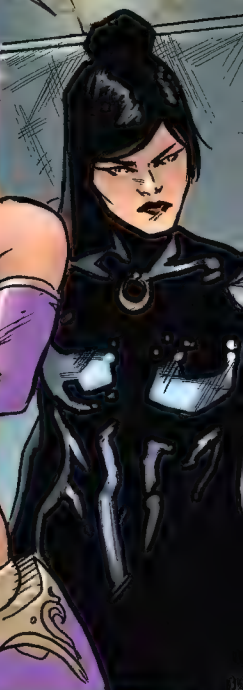
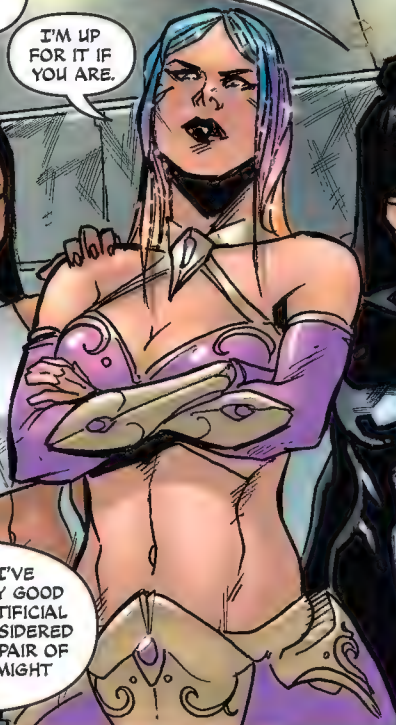
THAT MEANS
MAKING TOUGH
DECISIONS.

AND
WORKING
AS A
TEAM.

I'M UP
FOR IT IF
YOU ARE.



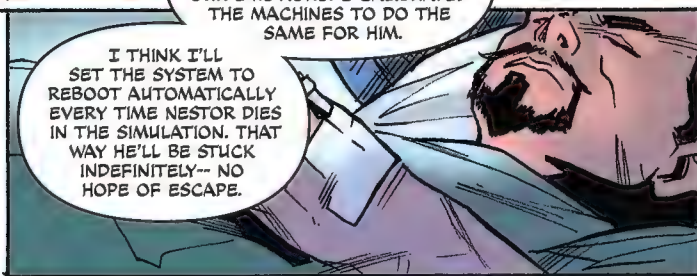
AND GRACE, I'VE
GOTTEN PRETTY GOOD
AT BUILDING ARTIFICIAL
LIMBS...EVER CONSIDERED
HOW BAD-ASS A PAIR OF
METAL WINGS MIGHT
LOOK?



WHAT DO YOU
THINK NESTOR
IS DREAMING
ABOUT?

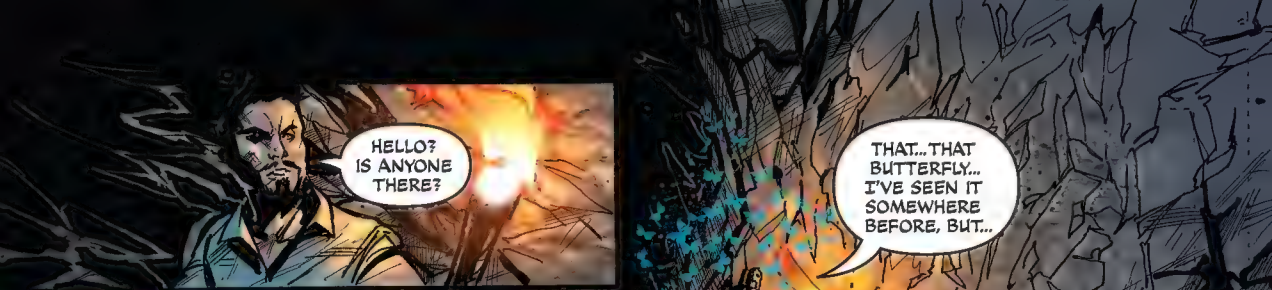
HE CRAFTED WORLDS
FOR US THAT REFLECTED
OUR INSECURITIES, PLAYED ON
OUR EMOTIONS. I CALIBRATED
THE MACHINES TO DO THE
SAME FOR HIM.

I THINK I'LL
SET THE SYSTEM TO
REBOOT AUTOMATICALLY
EVERY TIME NESTOR DIES
IN THE SIMULATION. THAT
WAY HE'LL BE STUCK
INDEFINITELY-- NO
HOPE OF ESCAPE.



SO NESTOR
GETS TO LIVE FREELY
IN HIS DREAMWORLD?
ISN'T THAT LETTING
HIM OFF EASY?

OH, I DON'T
THINK SO...



HELLO?
IS ANYONE
THERE?

THAT... THAT
BUTTERFLY...
I'VE SEEN IT
SOMEWHERE
BEFORE, BUT...

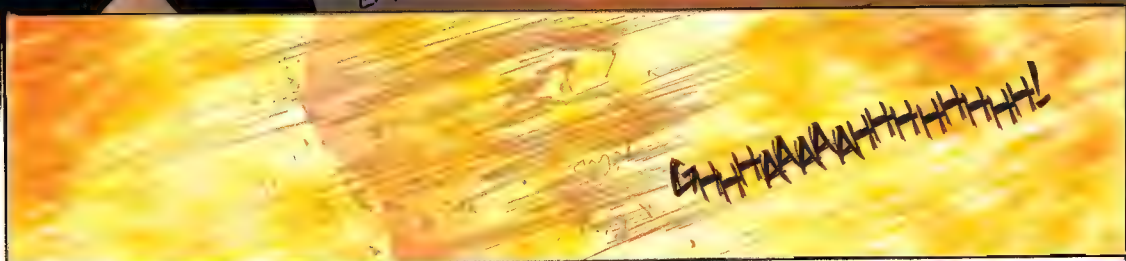
"I'M SURE WHATEVER
PUNISHMENT HE COMES UP
WITH FOR HIMSELF WILL BE
FAR WORSE THAN ANYTHING
WE CAN DEVISE."



RRROOOOW!



NO...NO...
PLEASE!



GHHAAAAHHHHHHH!

SUBJECT DECEASED
RESET SIMULATION.



THE
END

KABUL, AFGHANISTAN.
WEDNESDAY.

SO, MISTER
CHING, I TRUST
YOU'RE ENJOYING
YOUR TIME IN OUR
FAIR COUNTRY?

THIS IS FRANCIS WAI-HONG
CHING, PRESIDENT AND
CEO OF CHINGCORP.



THE TRUTH,
MISTER SAFIN?

OF COURSE,
MY FRIEND.

FRANKLY I FIND
YOUR CITY AND ITS
PEOPLE QUITE
DISTASTEFUL.

AND I WORRY
THAT I WILL NEVER
GET THE STENCH OF
KABUL OFF OF MY
CLOTHES.

<IRIS, TEA.>*

ONE OF THE SECRETS OF MY EMPLOYER'S
SUCCESS IS THAT HE'S WILLING TO GO TO
PLACES THAT OTHERS WON'T DARE.

THAT FEARLESS PHILOSOPHY HAS
HELPED BUILD CHINGCORP INTO A MULTI-
BILLION DOLLAR MULTI-NATIONAL
CORPORATION WITH OFFICES ON SIX
DIFFERENT CONTINENTS.

MY EMPLOYER.

HAHAHA!
YOU'RE AN
ENTERTAINING
MAN, MISTER
CHING. I BELIEVE
I SHALL ENJOY
DOING
BUSINESS
WITH YOU.

*«TRANSLATED
FROM CHINESE
MANDARIN.»





I ASKED YOU
A QUESTION!



MY PRIMARY TASK IS
TO ENSURE HIS SAFETY.





AND I TAKE IT VERY SERIOUSLY.

READ MORE!
The Story Continues in
Executive Assistant: Iris
Volume 1
AVAILABLE NOW!